

A COLLEGE STUDENT'S GREAT RACKET AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.

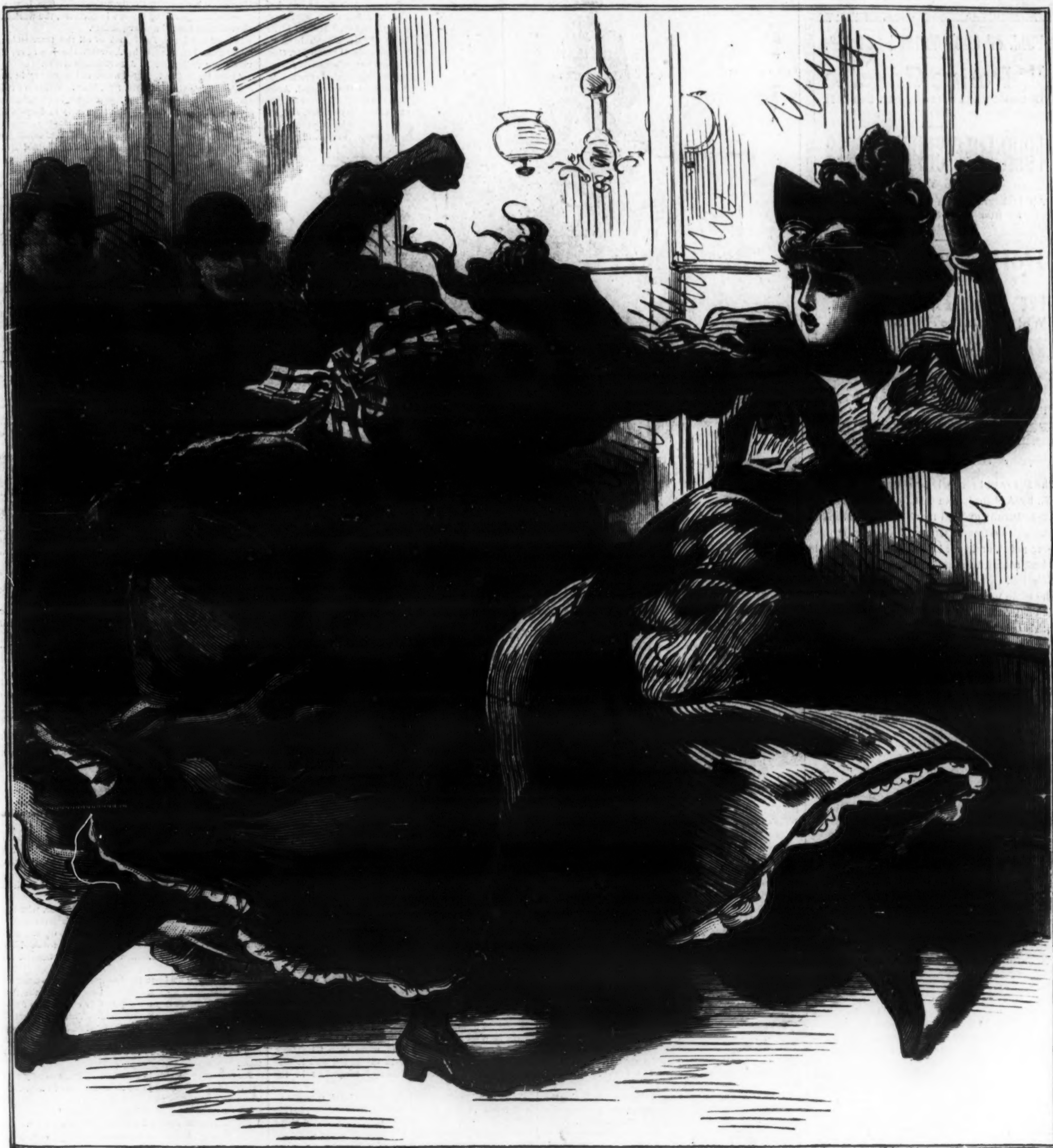
THE NATION
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1895.

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A HAIR-PULLING MATCH.

TWO FAIR MAIDENS FIGHT FOR THE LOVE OF A GAY YOUNG MAN, AT MOUNT OLIVET, KY.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE.
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A NEW TURF BILL.

The Percy bill recently introduced at Albany, N. Y., by Assemblyman Gray, of Dutchess, has quite naturally excited much comment among prominent turfmen. One and all seem agreed on one point, and that is that Mr. Percy's bill is the best attempt that has yet been made at turf legislation.

The main provisions of the bill are the clauses which state that "no corporation organized under this act shall have any of the powers hereby conferred unless it shall maintain a race track, if intended for running races, of not less than one mile in circumference;" the clause which makes it necessary that an application for a charter to conduct running meetings under the laws of New York State must be approved by the Jockey Club, and the stringent provisions against betting. Indeed the gambling feature is hedged about so closely that it is difficult to see how it will permit even any private betting of consequence. The provisions first noted are intended to prevent the operation of such racing schemes as those at Maspeth, Flushing and Aqueeduct last summer, and to all of which the Jockey Club refused to grant licenses. Night racing is attended to in the clause which states that "no races are authorized or shall be permitted except during such period"—that is, April 1 to October 31—"nor except between sunrise and sunset."

To briefly summarize other features, which may be commented upon more fully at another time, Mr. Percy's bill repeals the Ives measure and the sections of the old Penal Code which relate to betting, substituting for the latter a much more severe penalty—namely, imprisonment not exceeding five years, or a fine not exceeding \$2,000, or both. It makes the offering of stakes and purses legal and permits racing on any track for a period of forty days between April 1 and Oct. 31. The provisions against pool selling seem to be ample to cover all the various subterfuges that have been resorted to in the past to evade the law.

Of course, the bill is likely to be modified considerably before it is finally presented to the Legislature. Its main provisions seem to be equitable, and would, no doubt, do much to foster the breeding of fine stock in this State. It is difficult to imagine how serious objection can be raised to the bill, unless it may be in minor particulars, for it would undoubtedly prevent the abuses that have been complained of and which all have desired to see remedied.

MASKS AND FACES.

The Large Fortunes Made Upon
the Stage.

NOT THRIFTY AS A RULE.

How Some of the Footlight Favorites
Spend their Earnings or Invest Them.

SMALL TALK ABOUT STAGE FOLKS.

There are doubtless no persons in the world who make so much money and save so little as the members of the dramatic and lyric professions.

Many of them get enormous salaries, and yet they are possessed of such extravagant tastes that it goes almost as fast as it comes. And not only do they spend a great deal of money on themselves, but they give

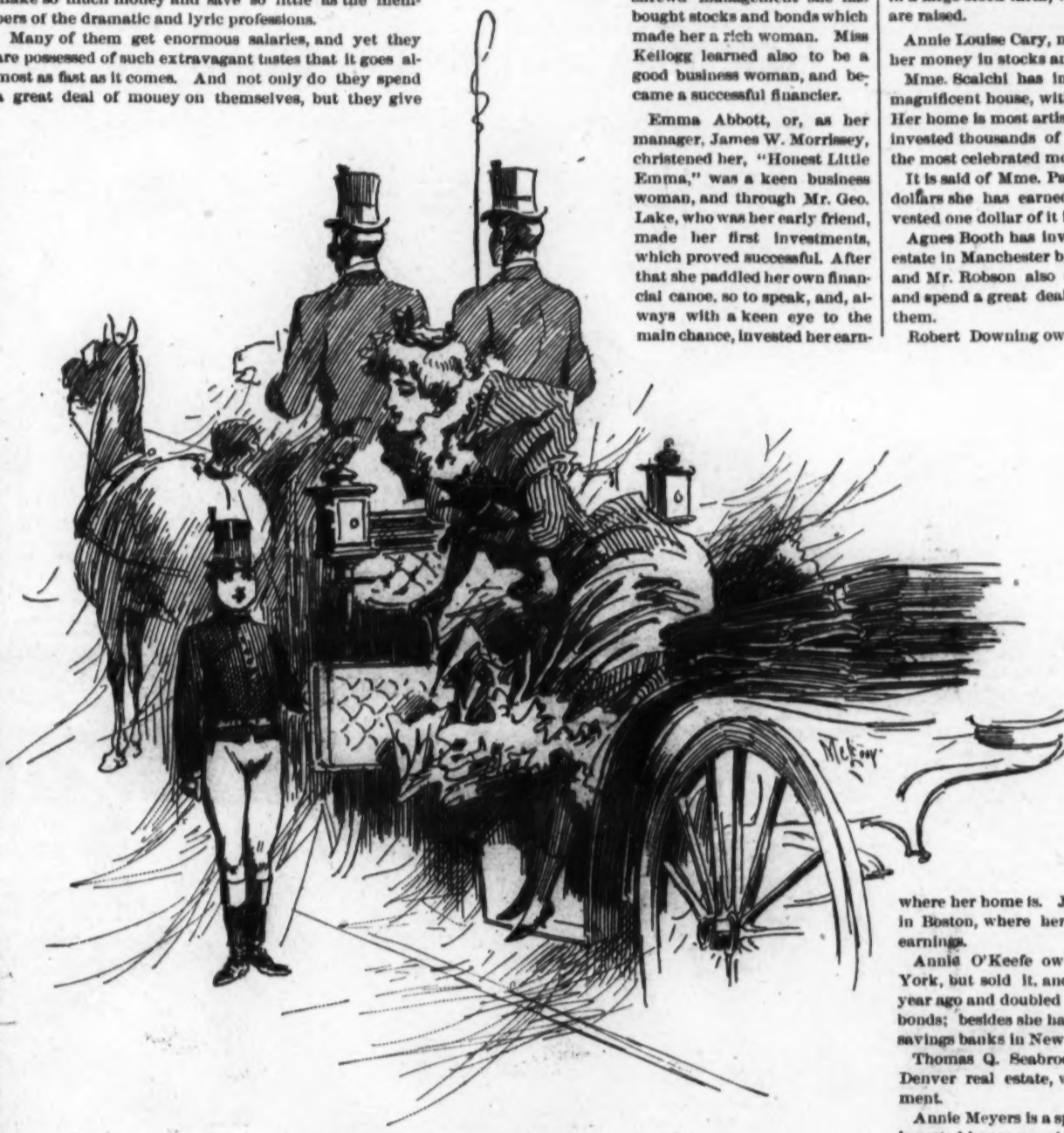
spacious among them was Campanini, the great tenor, who, with his American earnings, bought a large estate near Milan, where he is now living. From the proceeds raised on this place and sold in Milan he is said to be able to live very well.

After Christine Nilsson had made her great success in New York in a series of concerts at Steinway Hall, she went with her company, directly to Chicago. With the keen business eye of a Swede, she saw that Chicago was destined to become a great city, and although at that time lots on the north side were, many of them, not worth a dollar apiece, she invested all her season's savings in water-covered real estate in the Windy City, which is now in the heart of the city, and which has made her a very rich woman. Ten years after her first purchase of lots in Chicago, on the advice of some friends living there Mme. Nilsson sold a parcel of lots at an advance of 300 per cent. on the price paid.

Emma Thursby, who is said to have received the largest salary of all the church singers in America, and who for many years was the reigning favorite as a concert singer, is now a rich woman through her investments in unimproved real estate in Williamsburg, where she not only owns several houses, but a lovely home in which she lives.

Clara Louise Kellogg, the once famous prima donna, now Mrs. Strakosh, was, while earning a great deal of money, advised as to its investment by Col. Stebbins, through whose careful and shrewd management she has bought stocks and bonds which made her a rich woman. Miss Kellogg learned also to be a good business woman, and became a successful financier.

Emma Abbott, or, as her manager, James W. Morrissey, christened her, "Honest Little Emma," was a keen business woman, and through Mr. Geo. Lake, who was her early friend, made her first investments, which proved successful. After that she paddled her own financial canoe, so to speak, and, always with a keen eye to the main chance, invested her earn-



A QUEEN OF THE STAGE.

largely to charitable objects and to individuals. It is said the women in the profession are much more thrifty than the men and save their money and invest it to better advantage than the men do.

Almost the first thing an actor or actress indulges in when they have saved up any money is some favorite jewel, generally diamonds.

However, the desire to own a home is often very deeply implanted in the hearts of many of the profession, and often buying this first piece of real estate proves the nucleus of a large fortune.

There are many rich men and women belonging to the dramatic and lyric stage. Among the richest are Joseph Jefferson, who owns valuable real estate in Buzzard's Bay, Mass., in New Jersey and in Louisiana.

Joe Murphy is also a very wealthy man, and is said to own real estate in every large town in the United States from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

James O'Neill is another actor who is very rich, owning property of great value in New London, Conn., where he has his home.

Tom Karl is also a prosperous man. He has invested his earnings in real estate in Rochester and in a summer home near Rochester, as well as in real estate in New York.

Other members of the Bostonians, notably Mr. Barnabee, Jessie Bartlett Davis, Eugene Cowles and George Frothingham, have all made fortunes, which they have invested in real estate and stocks in different parts of the country.

Mme. Materna is a rich woman, owning valuable property in Vienna, where she has invested most of her American earnings.

Emil Fischer has accumulated a comfortable fortune, some of which he has invested in a home in the Catskills and some in good paying securities.

Of the artists who have visited this country during the last twenty years many have made fortunes, some investing their money here and others abroad. Con-

PANS OUT RICH!

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ings in Western real estate, which proved so remunerative that she died possessed of a large fortune. She bought large tracts of land just outside of Minneapolis, part of which she improved and inclosed and named Abbott Park. Miss Abbott also invested largely and successfully in stocks, and the first thing after reading the announcement notes in the morning paper she turned to the stock market reports, which she read with much interest and great care.

Lotta, who made her fortune by a wink, a kick and a smile, is the wealthiest woman in the profession. She owns very valuable real estate in New York, Boston, Chicago, Denver and San Francisco. She is a very shrewd financier, a plain liver, and does not begin to spend all her income. Her rents alone are enough to enable her to live like a princess.

Fanny Davenport, to a large extent, has followed Lotta's example, and has invested her earnings in real estate wherever she saw a chance of a rise. She owns property in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts, notably her beautiful home in Duxbury, laid out in fine lawns and drives. She has had no advice, but has always trusted to her own shrewdness in investing her money.

Mrs. Langtry has invested all her American earnings in real estate in New York and Chicago, from which she reaps a fine income. She believes thoroughly in American securities.

Lillian Russell has earned a great many fortunes, and had she lived less luxuriously might have been one of the richest women in America. She owns a beautiful home in West Seventy-seventh street, which, with its elegant furniture, is valued at more than \$100,000. Miss Russell has a fortune in diamonds, and is said to possess the finest collection of turquoises in the world.

With Camille d'Arville it has been a hard struggle to save money, as she has an invalid husband to provide for, also a son, whom she is educating, and a sister whom she supports, and yet in spite of these demands upon her purse, with the thrift of a Hollander she has managed to save up a few thousand dollars. Miss d'Arville is a bold operator on the stock market, and last year when stocks were way down she made \$3,000 in "General Electric," going on Wall street and watching

the ticker in the office of some broker. Emma Juch has invested most of her earnings in Stamford, Conn., real estate.

Carrie Turner, who is considered a wealthy young woman, having good bank accounts both in New York and Albany, is more inclined to invest her money in plays than in real estate. She had the good fortune to marry John Mack, of Albany, who is said to be a man of great wealth. They have a lovely home in Albany, with fine stables, well stocked with horses and carriages of every description; and, indeed, they are well provided with all the comforts of life.

Clara Morris is also the owner of real estate in New York and one of the most beautiful homes on the Hudson. Miss Morris' husband, Mr. Heriot, is a clever man of business, and makes most of her investments for her.

Mme. Helena Modjeska believes thoroughly in American investments and owns real estate in New York, California and Colorado. She also owns valuable property in Poland.

Mme. Albani owns valuable real estate in Albany, after which city she took her name; also in Montreal, Canada.

Mike Nevada has invested most of her money in real estate and mining stocks in Colorado.

Zelda Sequin, who married David Wallace, a nephew of General Lew Wallace, has been living for the past ten years in Indianapolis, having invested her money in a large stock farm, where blooded horses and cattle are raised.

Annie Louise Cary, now Mrs. Raymond, has invested her money in stocks and real estate.

Mme. Scaldi has invested much of her money in a magnificent house, with extensive grounds, near Turin. Her home is most artistically furnished. She has also invested thousands of dollars in pictures, the works of the most celebrated modern artists.

It is said of Mme. Patti that of all the thousands of dollars she has earned in America, she has never invested one dollar of it in American securities.

Agnes Booth has invested much of her money in real estate in Manchester by the Sea, Mass. William Crane and Mr. Robson also own fine estates in Manchester, and spend a great deal of money yearly in improving them.

Robert Downing owns some valuable real estate just outside of Washington, D. C. John Drew, who is a plain liver and what is known as a thrifty man, has saved his money and invested in real estate. He used to be very fond of driving, and owned some fine horse flesh; lately he has taken to the bicycle, and may be seen almost every day flying up the Boulevard on his silent steed.

Richard Mansfield, while he makes a great deal of money, spends much of it in expensive and artistic stage fittings, bric-a-brac and tapestries and valuable books.

Frederick Warde, who also spends a great deal of money in objects of art, has invested to some extent in Western real estate.

James Lewis is a real estate owner in Larchmont, and is reputed to be a wealthy man.

Fanny Rice has invested most of her money in Boston, where her husband, Mr. Pond, invests her earnings.

Annie O'Keefe owned a handsome house in New York, but sold it, and invested the money in stocks a year ago and doubled her money. This she invested in bonds; besides she has several thousand dollars in two savings banks in New York City.

Thomas Q. Seabrooke bought a goodly amount of Denver real estate, which proved a successful investment.

Annie Meyers is a splendid business woman. She has invested her money in real estate in Baltimore, where she owns a lovely home.

Francis Wilson is a prudent and careful financier; he never speculates in stocks, but invests in paying real estate. He owns a lovely home in New Rochelle, and has spent an enormous amount of money in rare old books. He is said to own the finest library in the profession.

De Wolf Hopper has invested largely in life insurance for the benefit of others. His well-known generosity makes him anything but rich.

Emma Eames has invested a good lot of money in a home in Paris, which is most exquisitely furnished. Della Fox has recently bought a fine home for her parents in St. Louis, where she owns other real estate. She is said also to own \$100,000 worth of diamonds.

Jeff d'Angellis owns a fine property in New Rochelle. Fay Templeton and Vernona Jarbeau, burlesquers who have been at it for quite a while, decided a month ago to combine their lustre as stars next season in a grand revival of genuine burlesque. But it looks now as though the combination would never be. Fay is twice as fat as she used to be and she wants to sit at home.

Cissy Fitzgerald, the London Gaiety dancer, who has deserted the cast of "A Gaiety Girl," and is now rehearsing to appear in "The Foundlings" in three weeks, says she will never go back to England. She thinks New York far livelier than London and wants to become an American citizen.

The theatrical business has been profitable to one person, at least, this season. Steve Brodie made the last payment the other day on a property consisting of two four-story brown stone houses on East Thirtieth street. The payment was made in the shape of a certified check for \$10,000 and represented Brodie's earnings in Davis and Keogh's production of "On the Bowery," up to that time.

An actress appearing in Johnstown, Pa., recently was referred to by the local press as a favorite in that city. The paper remarked:

"She appeared here just before the flood."

The actress has erased Johnstown from her map.

HUMAN NATURE!

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PEEPS BEHIND THE SCENES.

A Wheel Built for Two, Causes a Divorce.

MADE LOVE ON A BICYCLE.

A Pretty Blonde and a Bottle that Cost a Kentuckian a Neat Sum.

GOT CHUMMY ON A SLEEPING CAR.

A tandem bicycle, a pretty professional nurse, and the promise of a \$20,000 dowry figured as the causes in a complicated action for divorce which came before Judge Freedman in Supreme Court Chambers last week in New York city, when Dr. William Richter asked for a decree of divorce against his wife, Addie A. Richter.

The Richters were married on May 5, 1889, and lived in East Nineteenth street and Stuyvesant Square. Nothing marred the happiness of the couple until the arrival in the household of Miss Goldsmith, a professional nurse, who came to care for Mrs. Richter after the birth of her child. Mrs. Richter noticed that her husband seemed to take a great fancy to the pretty nurse, and more than once caught them in loving positions. She rebuked her husband, who got into a rage and ordered her from the house.

Mrs. Richter took her child and went to her father, William Muller, a wealthy retired coal merchant, who lives at No. 345 Pleasant avenue, in a big brown stone house. In order to divert her mind from her troubles Mrs. Richter gave music lessons. She claims that she would never have begun an action for divorce but for the fact that when she drove with her father in the Park or up the road she almost invariably met her husband and Miss Goldsmith riding a tandem bicycle. She claims that they would make faces at her when they passed and laugh. Last September she instructed her attorneys, Messrs. Robert Greenthal & Son, of No. 40 Chambers street, to bring suit for absolute divorce. Dr. Richter defaulted on the answer to the complaint and in appearance. The inquest was adjourned until December last, but when the time arrived Mrs. Richter could not be found.

Mrs. Richter is a very fine looking woman with bright black eyes and a dashing manner. While shopping at a Broadway dry goods house she met one of the buyers of the concern—Charles A. B. Kellers—and invited him to call upon her at her father's home. Kellers became interested in her because she was a very pretty woman and because she informed him that her father intended to give her a dowry of \$20,000 when she married again. She frankly told him that she was suing for a divorce, and told him the reasons why she had left her husband. Kellers became a frequent visitor at the Muller mansion and was always treated most hospitably.

In October Mrs. Richter told him she had obtained her decree of divorce from her husband and suggested that they be married. Kellers, who resides in Jersey City and belongs to a prominent family, readily agreed. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Scudder, in Jersey City, on Oct. 27, 1894.

After the honeymoon they went to live at the Hotel Brunswick, this city; in December Kellers asked his wife about her dowry of \$20,000. She referred him to her father, who told his son-in-law not to be in a hurry. Kellers thought that the dowry should be paid at once, and started out to investigate. He called on Lawyer Oscar Richter, a brother of Dr. William Richter, and was informed that his wife had not yet obtained a divorce from her first husband, and that she was a bigamist. The astonished Kellers hurried back to his father-in-law, who, in order to hush the matter up, promised to pay the dowry down if Kellers would keep quiet.

Kellers resolved to be set free, and immediately began an action in the courts of New Jersey to annul his marriage on the ground that his wife had a husband living when she married him.

Dr. William Richter then served notice of a motion to reopen his default, which the Court granted, and he put Kellers on the witness stand, and proved by him that his wife had been guilty of the statutory offense.

Kellers, in telling his story, said that Mrs. Richter told him that with \$20,000 they could open a dry goods store in Philadelphia, and that in anticipation of that he married her.

Judge Freedman granted Dr. Richter his decree, and told the lawyers to hand up their findings. Lawyer Robert Greenthal stated to Judge Freedman that he was unable to find his client, and that he believed that she had fled from the jurisdiction of the Court. He said he had not seen her since he began proceedings at her request for a divorce from her husband.

There is stopping at the Eagle Hotel, just above Chatham Square on the Bowery, a young man registered as Robert Larrisey, of Louisville, Ky. He is expecting money from home, and a letter of motherly advice. He arrived in New York city one evening last week. From the Grand Central Station he went first to No. 421 West Forty-fourth street. He asked at the door:

"Does Miss Martha Roberts live here? Or Mr. W. C. Roberts?"

"No," he was told, "we never heard of them."

"I thought not," confessed the young man, ruefully.

me they did, though, and I'd like to find

Mr. Larrisey has had experience, and as a souvenir of the same he shows a lady's card, a two-by-three-inch affair, with indented edges, on which is written in pencil the name of W. C. Roberts and the address on Forty-fourth street. That card cost the Kentuckian, or the acquaintance which it represents did, the sum of \$2,100 in cash, a gold watch and a diamond ring. It's a sleeping car story.

"My father," says Larrisey, "was president of the Louisville and Kentucky Cotton Compress Company. He died nine months ago. I decided a few days ago to come on here with some money and see what I could do in business. In company with my mother—her name is Mrs. Katherine Larrisey—I drew the money from the First National Bank of Louisville. We were talking there about my coming to New York. I mention that because I think this man, or some confederate, overheard us."

Any one who listened to this much of Larrisey's story would be tempted to believe him. His accent is Kentuckian, and he looks honest. He is twenty-two years old, with mild blue eyes and a big blunt nose. He is decently dressed. He was really astonished to learn that anybody here, except two or three fellow lodgers, knew anything of his mishap. He was reluctant to say anything about it, although he had decided to see Superintendent Byrnes.

"They got on at Louisville, too. I mean Roberts and

like I had money to spare, but they must have known more than I thought they did. I went to bed in a good humor and about half light. I put my ring and watch in a wallet with the money and tucked it all under my pillow. By the way, they had the section adjoining mine. I had a lower berth. Miss Martha's was a lower berth, too.

"Next morning I woke up in Rochester. When I looked for my wallet it was gone. I told the conductor, and there was a big howdy-do about it. I thought about Roberts the first thing. He wasn't in the car, and I asked about him and his sister. They had gotten off at Buffalo."

"Have you any letters of introduction to people of New York?"

"That's about all I have," was the grimly humorous rejoinder. "I am not going to use them, if that's what you mean, because I have enough to go on until I hear from home. I've got some money of my own there. As long as something about it is going to be published anyhow, please say so that fellow Roberts will see it, that if I ever meet him again I'll bore a hole in 'im that a bound dog can crawl through. I'll do it!"

BOLD FEMALE TRAMPS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Seven female tramps beat their way on a south-bound Louisville and Nashville train the other night from Highland Park, Ky. There were two women

his fallen rival and took him home with her. Kropstek declares he will have the wife he won at the risk of his life.

"JACK THE SLASHER."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

"Jack the Slasher" has made his appearance in Chicago, and ladies who wear pretty coats are warned to keep a sharp lookout for him.

He does his work when the crowds are greatest, and when women are not liable to notice a light touch on their elbows or a trifling pull on the back of their wraps. His favorite hour is when the matinees let out their crowds in the great thoroughfares, on Saturday afternoon, and the sidewalk is jammed from the shop windows to the curb. The probabilities of detection are then comparatively small, and he picks out his victim and operates.

He is very skillful, and, up to the present time, the damage that he has done has never been discovered until some time after it was committed, and he has evaded the police.

Several complaints have been made to the police within the last few days by indignant women whose clothes he has destroyed. He cuts dresses when he finds them convenient, but he makes a specialty of slashing coats, and he usually selects the most elaborate he is able to find.

HIGH PRAISE, INDEED.

THE RHODE ISLAND NEWS COMPANY,
113 and 115 Westminster St., Providence, R. I.
MANAGER'S OFFICE, Feb. 11, 1895.

MR. RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: Your "compliments of Richard K. Fox Printing and Publishing House illustrated pamphlet" received this date, for which we thank you.

The writer has seen your large building outside a great many times, but never have been inside, and the next time in New York, will make you a visit to see the inside.

The pamphlet is highly artistic and well gotten up.

Your large building and the popularity of your printing and publishing house, the large and increasing business all comes from the brain and push of the proprietor, Richard K. Fox. Yours truly,

JOHN W. TILLINGHAM, Manager.

COLLEGE BOY ON A RACKET.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A prominent New Yorker is missing from the campus of Yale University, at New Haven, Conn., and it is believed that the faculty intend to expel him, although he got in his resignation before the learned professors had time to recover from their dismay at his offence and hold a meeting to take action upon it. He is in hiding in New York, while his friends and relatives are "pulling wires" to get the scandal hushed up and overlooked. The charge against the young student, who is one of the most lamb-like and thoroughly unsophisticated youths who ever went to New Haven to acquire knowledge, is that he mistook his dormitory for a hotel and entertained three hilarious young New York women there at three o'clock in the morning, causing the dormitory to be raided by the police, just as if it were a disorderly resort.

The young women, who, it is said, were very much intoxicated, were carried weeping and fighting to the police station, the young man following in his evening clothes and a frantic condition of grief, begging the police to let his friends go, and offering to make all sorts of compromise on a money basis to have the matter settled.

The English sporting people have a high regard for the American racers, as is evidenced by the following from the *Sporting Life*:

"It is just 16 years since the Yankees sent us a batch of thoroughbreds, whose achievements will live in the memories of those who witnessed their doings on the race courses of England. The first to claim the attention of the English sporting men was the brown gelding Parole, who carried the cherry and black of Pierre Lorillard. This little six-year-old animal won three of the principal handicap events of 1879. They were the City and Suburban, when carrying 8 stone 7 pounds; the Newmarket Handicap, carrying a stone 4 pounds; the Great Metropolitan, carrying 8 stone 12 pounds, and the gold cup at Epsom. The year afterward (in 1880) the American two-year-old Iroquois appeared on the scene and carried off the Chesterfield Stakes. This animal was also the property of Pierre Lorillard. It was a three-year-old, however, that Iroquois shone so brilliantly.

"During the season of 1881 the American won the Derby and the St. Leger. He also won the Prince of Wales Stakes at Ascot with 9 stone 5 pounds up. It was in this same year that the white and blue spots of James R. Keene were seen on the English turf. His horse Foxhall, as a three-year-old, won the Comarwitz with 7 stone 12 pounds in the saddle. He carried two pounds more in the Cambridge-shire and won. The Grand Prix de Paris was also captured by Foxhall, and in 1882, as a four-year-old, he carried off the gold cup at Ascot with 9 stone on his back. This preeminent ought to convince Englishmen that the Yankees never send a horse to this country unless they are morally sure that they have a good one—or what they term a world beater. The consignment of 21 horses which Richard Croker and Michael Dwyer have sent to us may not all be champions, but it is fair to presume that there is a Parole, a Foxhall or an Iroquois among the parcel."

A match game of hockey was played on the lake at Buckingham Palace, London, the other day, between the Sandringham team and the House of Commons team. The Sandringham team was captained by the Prince of Wales, and the House of Commons team was directed by Mr. Francis Bingham Milmay, M. P., assisted by Mr. A. J. Balfour, both of whom were in excellent form. The Prince of Wales acted as "back" and the Duke of York as "forward" in the Sandringham team. Both showed good skating powers and had several heavy falls, but neither was any the worse for his shaking up. Among the eight of the Commons team falls were numerous, but none of the players were injured. The match was won by the Sandringham team by a score of 8 goals to 5. The Princess of Wales, with her daughters and the Duchess of York, witnessed the game.

C. W. McDade, one of the two Globe trotters who left San Francisco, Sept. 16, to foot it around the world inside of one year, reached the Police Gazette office last Friday. McDade says he was 64 days ahead of time, and 1,435 miles ahead of his competitor Mark Wolf, who was then hoofing it somewhere out in Illinois. For the next two weeks McDade will soften out his sores on a cattle ship bound for England.

SPARKLES WITH SPICE!

* A She Devil. No. 12 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Translated from the French. Exciting text and 77 pictorial illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address: RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



THEY RODE A TANDEM BICYCLE.

the blonde. He started to take the seat just across from mine in the sleeper. She preferred the one just behind me. They were disputing good-naturedly, and I looked up naturally. They both laughed, and I laughed. That was the beginning of it. They took the seat behind me. What did they look like? Why, she was mighty pretty, a blonde with big blue eyes. She wore diamonds, a good many of them, and had on a dress that fit. You know what I mean. And teeth white and even. I guess she was twenty-two or twenty-three years old. The man presently leaned over and asked if I cared to take a drink with him. I was agreeable, and over a bottle of decent whisky we got pretty chummy. He gave me this card.

"He promised to show me around when we got to New York," continued Larrisey. "Of course, he introduced me to his sister, Miss Martha. I guess you can see I never went about much, and that I'm backward and shamefaced with new acquaintances. But—well, she encouraged me, sorter, you know, and smiled and talked, and we got along splendidly. I didn't say a word about having any extra money, and I didn't look

SLAP YOURSELF ON THE BACK

And about "Hurrah!" Four free supplements this year. Two sets of companion pictures, handsomely lithographed in colors. Suitable for framing, given free to all our readers. POLICE GAZETTE, No. 916, out Thursday, March 14, will contain the first of these prize pictures. Mind you don't miss it! Price 10c, at all newsdealers. RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor, Franklin Square, New York.

and five girls, two of whom seemed to be about eight years old. The women and other girls were large and raw-boned. The stationkeeper at Highland Park said the women showed that they had nerve. They first attracted his attention when they tramped into his office and asked him to flag the south-bound train.

The station-keeper told the women he could not flag the train for them. The women were about to leave discouraged, when the train appeared in the distance. They waited for the train, on the chance that it might be carrying a passenger for Highland Park.

A few hundred yards from the station the train began to slow up. The women made ready to jump on.

Before the train had quite stopped the lone passenger for Highland Park, Dr. Hawes, of the Charity Organization, appeared on the platform. All the women made a rush for the platform, and in their haste knocked the doctor down. The train kept on, and came near carrying the doctor off with it before he could regain his feet and spring to the station platform.

RIVALS FIGHT A DUEL

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mike Molik and Stephen Kropstek, Slavish coke-workers of Connellsville, Pa., fought a duel the other morning in a lonely part of the mountain, three miles from Uniontown, Pa. Molik was shot twice and is dying. Kropstek escaped without injury. The duel was the result of a romantic love affair. Both the young men loved a blithe and buxom lass of their own race, and each was ardent in the pursuit of her hand. She received the attentions of both, and was loth to express a preference, even when both requested her to do so. They frequently met at her home at Mount Pleasant, Pa., and on several occasions engaged in fist-cuffs, which generally resulted in Molik's favor. When they met at their sweetheart's home a few nights ago, Kropstek challenged his rival to a duel, which was accepted, and pistols were named as the weapons.

The duel was witnessed by the girl and her parents, and also by four seconds. The girl gave the signal to shoot by dropping a white handkerchief. Six shots were exchanged. After Molik felt the girl rushed to his side and cared for him in an affectionate manner. Although Kropstek won her hand, she continued to administer to



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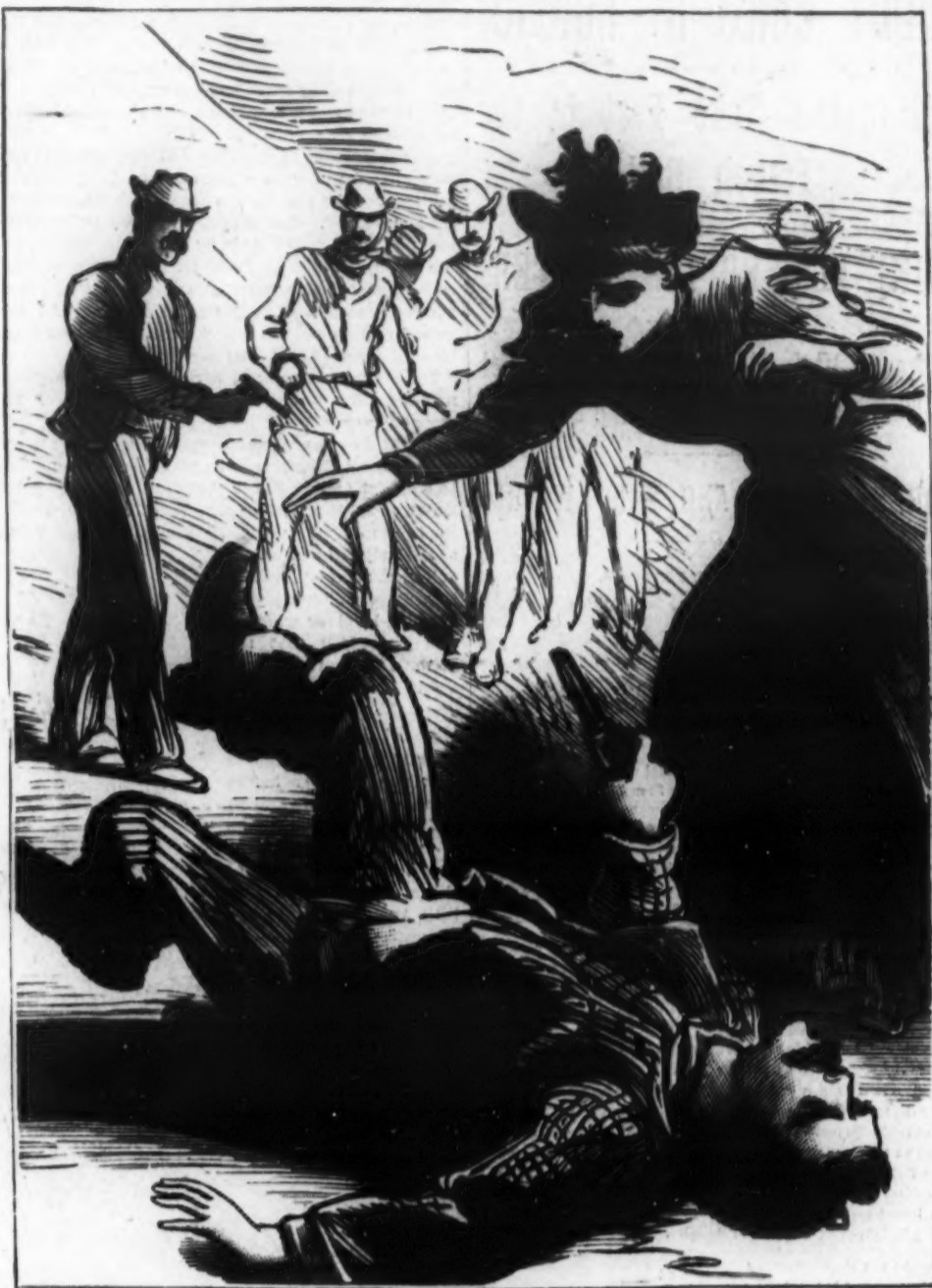
DELLA FOX AND BERTIE FISH.

A PLUMP, PLEASING AND PRETTY PRIMA DONNA AND A BRIGHT AND VIVACIOUS BURLESQUER.



"JACK THE SLASHER."

HE MAKES HIS APPEARANCE AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND MOST OF HIS VICTIMS WHO HAVE YET MADE COMPLAINTS ARE MATINEE GIRLS.



RIVALS FIGHT A DUEL.

TWO LOVERS SETTLE THEIR QUARREL ACCORDING TO THE CODE, WHILE THE FAIR DAMSEL LOOKS ON, NEAR UNIONTOWN, PA.



BOLD FEMALE TRAMPS.

THEY TAKE POSSESSION OF A TRAIN, ALTHOUGH THEY HAVE NO MONEY, AT HIGHLAND PARK, KY.

GIDDY GIRLS IN MASKS.

All Classes Take Part in the
French Ball.

WINE FLOWED LIKE WATER.

Although High Kicking was Barred, Yet
There was no Dearth of High Jinks.

BOHEMIA'S MAD AND WILD WHIRL.

BALLADE DU BAL FRANCAIS.

'Mid the blaze of brass and the flash of lights
The French ball had begun,
And of that gay throng that crowded by
John Blank was the gayest one.
His wadded life so smooth had been
That the calm had begun to pall,
So that, when a club friend pressed him hard,
He went that night to the ball.
Such is the pow'r of this annual craze—
Sing Folly-o-o for the Danse Francaise.

As he pushed his way through the costumed crush
A small hand clasped his own
And some one said, "I love you, dear!"
In a soft, sweet undertone
And disappeared ere he could speak.
Then through the crowd sought he,
Till at last he stood in a gay quadrille
With her as his vis-a-vis.
The bal masque blazed with its brilliant blaze—
Sing Folly-o-o for the Danse Francaise.

They waltzed and whirled through the wild quadrille,
Then she fled when the dance was o'er,
And his truant heart beat fast as he longed
For the touch of her hand once more.
He scanned each mask with an eager eye
And an air very much distraught,
When full in his face a rose was flung
By the domino he had sought.
He looked once more, she was lost in the maze—
Sing Folly-o-o for the Danse Francaise.

At last he saw his charmer fair
By an armored knight led away
To their carriage; then he followed and heard
The knight to the coachman say:
"Now, take Mrs. Blank home safely, James."
"Great heavens, my wife!" Blank cried,
And then he saw 'twas his own coupe,
And quickly sprang inside.
"Explain!" said he, with a stony gaze—
Sing Folly-o-o for the Danse Francaise.
"Well, dear, of late I've seen that you
Were tired of home," said she.
"When I found out you were bound to the ball
I made Brother Joe take me.
It was a foolish thing, I know,
For a woman like me to do,
But when I'd once begun the farce
I was bound to carry it through.
Forgive me, dear!" she softly prays—
Sing Folly-o-o for the Danse Francaise.

The spirit of masked devilry was abroad
In Gotham last week. It stole into the great
Madison Square Garden in many forms
with ginger in its soul and dynamite in its
toes, and tried to see how much of its par-
ticular spice New York could stand and the
police would allow. It was a gay and frolic
spirit.

It knew of no to-morrow, but only of the
night, and, like a myriad hounds let loose upon the track
of fox or deer, it pursued the quarry pleasure heedless
of the consequences.

In other words, the great and ever-youthful French
ball, the ball of the Cercle Francaise de l'Harmonie, was
on the carpet, and that part of New York which thinks
with its feet, and that part which does not think at all,
and that part which likes to take a short respite now
and then, but particularly on this night of the year,
from thinking, came to enjoy the merry carnival and
seek for a new sensation.

The crowd that was present paled into insignificance
all previous crowds. It was a potpourri of humanity.
It was a coming together, though not commingling, of
many diverse elements of society in this metropolis,
such as no other event could bring together. The demon-
monde to a woman. Men-about-town to a man. The
dramatic profession, to the last supe able to raise a V.
Merchants, bankers, judges, lawyers, doctors, blacklegs
and sawbones. The learned and unlearned professions,
and many a sedate but curious, married woman, hiding
her identity under mask or domino, and bound to see
if the French ball was as naughty as it was painted—
these were the component parts of the motley throng
which paid tribute at once on the altars of pleasure and
of charity.

"It is going to be a great ball," said Tody Hamilton,
as he cast a prophetic eye over the gay maskers at the
comparatively early hour of 12 o'clock. "I can see all
the symptoms of it, and can feel it in the air."

And when the greatest press agent on earth feels a
thing in the air it is safe to bet upon its existence.

It was not alone a New York frolic. Gay boys and
girls from everywhere were present. The first box sold
was taken by a steady merchant of Boston; the second
went to Washington. Fifty jolly dogs came on from
Buffalo under escort of Editor Butler, and one man
came all the way from the wilds of Montana, snowdrifts
and blizzards to the contrary notwithstanding, to see if
the French ball is as wicked as he had heard it was.
He declared upon his honor that it beat the Silver
State, and said that he never would rest content until
Montana had a French ball of its own, with real Ten-
derloin trimmings.

The decorations were chaste enough to satisfy the
soul of the most extreme moralist, and simple, yet
warm and pleasing in color. As France and America
have the same national colors, there was a chance to

be patriotic in both directions and give both tri-color
and stars and stripes a show. But the managers were
too acute to spoil their picture with too gay a frame.
The masks and maskers are the thing at the Bal Fran-
caise. The background is an incident. The floor was
bisected by a canvas screen, which made the dancing
and promenading space seem cozy, and left plenty of
room for the tables and corks and general devilments
of the wine room children.

Oceans of wine were on tap and the drinkers thereof
swam in a foaming sea of merriment. It was long after
midnight before the real fun began and things began to
get topsy-turvy. For a time there was some nervous-
ness over threatened raids by the police and agents of
the Society for Sitting Down on Vice, but nervousness
doesn't go to the French Ball, and terror does not out-
last the second bottle. By 3 o'clock the awful police
were forgotten and the anti-vice societies ceased to trou-
ble in the mad plunge after gaiety.

The Cercle had its usual surprises, concerning which
no information was allowed to get out in advance. They
cropped up on every hand, eccentric dancers, living
jokes, wild escapades, apparently born of the moment,
but really carefully planned and rehearsed beforehand.
In one of the upper boxes there was an exciting fight,
which ended in one of the contestants being thrown over
the front to the floor below. A cry of horror went up
as the body fell with a sick-
ening thud and lay motion-
less. Then followed a peal
of wild laughter when it
was discovered that the
victim of this atrocity was
a stuffed figure.

It was noticed at the out-
set that there was a more
liberal display of feminine
charms than ever before
in the history of French
balls. Of tights and trunks
there were very few in evi-
dence, but the number of
skirts that extended very
little below the knee was
enormous, and the cos-
tumes were unusually
pretty.

There was a sweet little



REVELRY AT THE FRENCH BALL.

fox hunter, with red hunting jacket, black skirt and
stockings; a dainty imitation of Rob Roy, who made a
most elaborate exhibition of her figure; neat Phry-
nette, in black and gauze; a lovely Columbine; black-
eyed senoritas in yellow, and a multitude of darlings
whose dresses were characteristic only of brevity.

The men present included almost everybody known
in the gay round in the city. There were high officials
and ex-rulers of the metropolis, grave Commissioners
of Education and flighty police justices, business men
and leaders in half a dozen learned professions.

Those who participated in the somewhat abridged
festivities of the French ball are wondering what they
were there for, and whether they will ever go there
again. It was the saddest case of immorality in fetters
that ever was displayed to the public gaze; and it made
old-timers wink and blink and wonder if they were get-
ting old, or whether the millennium had struck New
York like a sandbag in the back of the neck, or what in
the deuce was the matter, any way, for certainly never
in the history of French balls, or any other balls, had
there been such a heavy hand laid on the spirit of
frivolity and festivity as that laid on, in the early hours
of that morning, by the stern moralists of the good and
virtuous police, who ruled the roost and put fetlocks on
the dance.

Orders to the police were to arrest nobody who did
not actually lie down, but to quell all attempts at high
kicking and athleticism in general. And so it happened
that whenever a fair maid or frolicsome dame showed
symptoms of breaking out, and a ring was formed to
give her room, there was a rush of blue coats to the spot.

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Bartender's Guide, Card Player, and "Police Gazette" Stand-
ard Sporting Rules. Mailed to any address on receipt of 25
cents each. All thoroughly illustrated. Address RICHARD
E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

and the lady and her escorts were hustled about in no
very gentle fashion. The poor policemen had to stand
torrents of abuse, but they endured the vituperation
good naturedly, declaring that an apology was needed.
They had been put there for a purpose, and they did not
propose to flinch in their obedience to the orders given
them.

The result of all this straight-laced business was that
the crowd did the only thing left it to do, and that was
to drink—drink like swine, drink without ceasing—and
the ball degenerated into a low debauch which would
have shamed an east side concert hall. The scene in
the wine-room was chaotic. Tipsy men and half-nude
women sprawled over the tables and into each other's
arms, shouting, whistling, calling for more, damning the
police and the management, or guying both, spilling
wine and sopping it up on their expensive clothing,
dropping asleep, or staggering about and falling over all
sorts of obstacles, human or otherwise. Bottles and
glasses without number crashed to the floor, but it was
all one to the drinking crowd. "Bring us 'nuther
bo'le," was the cry. The fragments of crystal were
kicked one side, and the waiters, who sometimes pur-
posely dropped empty bottles and pretended that they
were full ones, went for more and pocketed the dif-
ference.

It was no uncommon thing on the dancing floor to

balls from Westfield, Mass., and is a highly respectable
woman, but has a woman's curiosity, and wanted to see
if the ball was as black as it is painted. She had a rav-
ishing costume made, and slipped down to the city to
"do a little shopping," and reached the ball in the hands
of a relative, who promised to carry her through the
ordeal in a shape to do credit to the Yankees. But the
extra dry of the wine-room had as bad an effect on the
Westfield woman as the death of her father did on the
fair Ophelia, and the first thing that her escort knew she
was giving the police more trouble than any other
woman in the room. Fearing exposure, her escort fled
and left her to the tender mercies of the ball. The result
was pitiful. She landed in a restaurant in Fourth ave-
nue, and insisted on trying to kick down the chandelier.
She was arrested and taken to the Yorkville Police
Court, where Justice Deuel, in kindness, fined her \$3,
having learned that she did not have that sum in her
pocket. This necessitated sending for her friends in
this city, and the repentant woman was finally taken
away and cared for, resolving never again to monkey
with the buzz saw of a French ball in New York.

Annie Beckwith, having been refused permission to
kick down the roof of the Madison Square Garden, tried
to expend her superfluous energy by kicking off the top
of the gas lamp at the corner of Madison avenue and
Twenty-seventh street. Witnesses say that she came
near making a bull's eye. Justice Taintor let her off
with a fine of \$10.

HORSEWHIPPED AN ACTOR.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Fred Lorraine, who plays with Lloyd in Damon and
Pythias, and who was leading man for Margaret Mather
for several years, was horsewhipped in a newspaper
office at Indianapolis, Ind., by an irate
mother.

Lorraine was sitting with his back toward
the floor, when the woman entered and lashed
him fiercely across the back several times
before any one was aware of her purpose.
The whip was taken from her by others, and
she sank exhausted into a chair. She told
Lorraine she wished she had a revolver to
shoot him.

The woman's name is North, and she re-
sides in a suburb of Indianapolis. Her
daughter became enamored of Lorraine last
fall, while with his troupe playing in Indiana.
Mrs. North claims that Lorraine is married
and that he promised to marry her daughter.
He, it is charged, procured a bogus marriage
license, and would have married her had not
the mother learned of the plan.

SHE WAS A PLUCKY GIRL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Just before the sunset gun was fired at
historic Old Fort McHenry two runaway
horses attached to a heavy coal cart came
dashing in the main gate of the Fort. A
dozen or more of the officers' children were
snowballing and coasting in the roadway, di-
rectly in the path of the runaway team, ap-
parently unconscious of their imminent
danger. A number of soldiers at a distance
saw their dangerous plight, but were too far
away to be of any service, other than to
about notes of warning. There was no driver
on the wagon and the horses were maddened
by fright. The children still played on and
the fate of some of them at least, seemed
sealed.

Suddenly, a young and handsomely dressed
lady was seen to dart from the portico of
one of the officers' houses and placed herself in
front of the horses. She grasped their bridles with
her dainty but firm hands, and with a grip as of steel,
brought them to a standstill just before they reached
the children. The daring deed was witnessed by a num-
ber of officers and soldiers who testified their admira-
tion by unbounded and well merited applause.

The heroine on this occasion was Miss Louise Everett,
daughter of Capt. Everett of the Fourth United States
Artillery. She is only 17 years of age, and her father
has only been stationed at the Fort for a few months.
Previous to that Capt. Everett had been stationed on
the Western plains, and while there Miss Louise learned
to ride over the prairies in a manner that would do
credit to a Buffalo Bill. The almost providential ap-
pearance of Miss Everett was due to the fact that she
and a companion, Miss Virginia Wilson, had just re-
turned from a sleigh ride, and she was about to enter
her father's house, when she saw the predicament of the
children and hastened to their rescue.

SHOT AT AN INTRUDER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Last week Mrs. William Krumm, residing at Guths-
ville, Lehigh County, Pa., was aroused from her sleep
by the barking of the dogs, and, suspecting that robbers
were about, she shouldered a gun and went out.

She saw a man trying to force open the door of the
henry and blazed away at short range. Her aim
was poor, however, and she missed her mark. The
would-be thief fled, followed by a second ineffectual shot.

C. G. JEFFERSON.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

No gallery of strong men would be complete without
the portrait of C. G. Jefferson, one of the most capable
exponents of athletics in the world. Mr. Jefferson is a
specialist at weight lifting and next to Louis Cyr, the
champion, is about the best in the profession. He is a
big, handsome fellow, and always popular wherever he
exhibits. He will be one of the contestants in the strong
men's competition for the "Police Gazette" trophy.

"FITZSIMMONS."

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

"Fitzsimmons" is a 42-pound bull terrier, owned by
Jim Bliss, of Pontiac, Mich. His owner is anxious to
match him against any other dog of his weight in Mich-
igan. He especially desires to hear from Thomas Mc-
Graw, of Detroit, who owns "Pedro."

RICH AND RARE!

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THE STORY OF A GAY LIFE

How Howell Osborn Got Rid of Thousands.

TOO MUCH MONEY HIS RUIN.

Dallying with Pretty Actresses and Killing Time His Only Ambition.

HIS ADMIRATION FOR FAY TEMPLETON

Howell Osborn, a man who had nothing to do but to spend money, lived a long time and died last week, at the age of 36, in New York city. He was the type of a class new in the history of this country.

There came after the war conditions which made possible the rapid accumulation of great wealth. Jay Gould was of the first generation under the new order of things, and Howell Osborn, whose fortune came directly through his father's association with Jay Gould, was of the second generation—a character illustrating the reactionary tendency to dissipate quickly the millions made suddenly, to squander without thought the riches made without toil.

He was a genius of unmaking.

Howell was the only son of Charles J. Osborn, a famous Wall street broker, a bon vivant, a man of refined tastes. The father died in 1885, leaving his widow \$2,000,000, and to Howell the sum of \$500,000 in trust, only the income of which was available. His mother, Miriam A. Osborn, died in 1891, leaving \$700,000 in trust, only the income of this being available. He received in addition the income of one-half of the residue of the estate. This left Osborn in receipt of about \$100,000 a year, with no responsibilities, with no binding obligations to anybody for anything, and with only the care of getting rid of \$25,000 quarterly.

His mother's will put the principal of the estate, from which his pin money of \$275 a day was derived, beyond his control. His power to bequeath it was contingent upon his having heirs by a wife who had never acted, sung or danced professionally, or otherwise performed for hire on a dramatic stage, or other place of amusement or entertainment.

At that time Osborn had already become noted as an admirer of actresses. He had for ten years been what might be termed a public character in the role of spendthrift, known in Paris and Monte Carlo almost as familiarly as in New York. London was rather too slow for him.

His first serious entanglement occurred when he was twenty-one years of age. He became infatuated with Alice Burville, an English actress, who came to New York in the comic opera, "Billie Taylor." He eloped with her, after his attentions had become so pronounced as to call for family protest. He is said to have married the woman. The elder Osborn paid her \$12,000, according to the club gossip of the day, to relinquish her claims. Whatever the figure may have been, the offer was satisfactory to the Burville, and young Osborn was free—for another entanglement. The first escapade had established his place in the fast set and fairly launched him upon a career of profligate adventure. The cabmen and the waiters attached to his favorite resorts tell fabulous stories of his open-handedness.

The young man dressed well and became a fashion. He set the pace for a crowd of wealthy young men about town. He fell in and out of love with all sorts of actresses, prima donnas, chorus girls and ballet dancers. At one time he was reported to have married Lillian Russell. That report was inaccurate.

Before his father's death young Osborn had had an experience, a disastrous one, on Wall street. He had gone into partnership with William Stow and became a member of the Stock Exchange. The firm was soon dissolved, and Stow sued to recover \$50,000 which he had loaned Osborn. He got \$20,000 by selling his partner's seat in the Exchange. Stow got a judgment for the other \$30,000, but it was returned from the Sheriff's office unsatisfied. A referee was appointed and testimony taken, but the long and short of it is that Stow never did get his \$30,000.

Then came Fay Templeton into the story. She was very pretty when Osborn first met her. They were talked about for months before he established her comfortably in an apartment house on Sixth avenue, at Fifty-second street. There was some famously convivial gatherings there. Fay Templeton was talked about to her heart's content. Osborn had money for everything but debts. He even paid a few of them. There was no whim of his own or his innamorata's too extravagant for indulgence. Once when she was playing with Rice and Dixey's Corsair Company in Chicago Miss Templeton created a sensation by disappearing suddenly. It came out in time that she had come straight on to New York and had gone straight on to Paris in response to a cablegram from Osborn to meet him in Havre.

Osborn had to spend considerable time in Paris on account of the importunities of his creditors in this country. He lived there in high style. He entertained lavishly, his equipages were of the finest, and it is said that the bathroom in his Paris house cost \$35,000. It was said at the time of Miss Templeton's departure that Osborn had undertaken to provide for her while she was cultivating her voice in Paris. A couple of years after that Fay Templeton came back to America alone and got an engagement at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, in "Hendrik Hudson." It was then that the Osborn-Tem-

pleton and Custom House episode occurred. Diamonds worth \$20,000 were seized by customs officers from Osborn's valet on his arrival in this city.

Miss Templeton made a great-to-do and asseverated upon her professional honor that the gems were her personal property. She said she and Howell had "gone clean broke" in Paris, and that she had pawned her jewels to keep the wolf from the door. She got the diamonds.

Notwithstanding the apparent financial embarrassment Osborn was making things fly in Paris. He had a big house on the Boulevard Haussmann, and was known as a plunger at baccarat and the race tracks. He finally made a big hit in gambling, and got so much money together that he was able to square things a little and come back to this country. It was reported that he made some money in stocks while here, but his creditors began to bother him again and he returned to Paris, where Miss Templeton also found it pleasant to live.

Osborn's attentions to other actresses resulted in frequent quarrels and some stormy scenes, Miss Templeton regarding these others, Nina Farrington and Lillian Russell among them, as poachers upon her preserves. The Farrington episode involved a wealthy piano dealer whom Osborn found at Miss Farrington's apartments, No. 60 West Twenty-fifth street. There was a tremendous row about that. Osborn stalked away to Europe. Nina followed him a week later. The last serious quarrel between Osborn and Miss Templeton, so far as the public was informed, was in 1893 at Chicago. They were visiting the World's Fair. So was Lillian Russell, who became very friendly with Osborn. Miss Temple-

ton kept the old man away until the train increased its speed. Papa Morrell could only grind his teeth, as he was not expert at "flipping" on a railroad train.

She struggled desperately, but he dragged her through the snow some distance back from the road. Then he took her pocketbook, containing several dollars, and tore two rings from her fingers. The screams of the young girl attracted the attention of men in a nearby store and on their approach the assailant fled and escaped.

Miss Hanby was taken home and attended by Dr. Cardozo. She was bruised and badly shocked, but otherwise uninjured. Her clothing was nearly torn off. Senator Hanby was notified and came up from Dover.

JOSEPH ELLIOTT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Joseph Elliott, who has been connected with the New York Herald since it was founded, in 1835, died on Feb. 13 from pneumonia. He was the first sporting editor of the Herald, and a pioneer in the reporting of sporting events.

There was not a man prominent in horse racing, or any variety of sports, whom he did not know. He was acquainted with every champion of the American prize ring, from the days of Yankee Sullivan and Tom Hyer. He knew all the leading horse owners and jockeys, and at all the race tracks in the country he was a striking and familiar figure. He was the first reporter to give detailed accounts of every heat in trotting races.

He was born in Hexham, Eng., in 1813. His parents

kept the old man away until the train increased its speed. Papa Morrell could only grind his teeth, as he was not expert at "flipping" on a railroad train.

DELLA FOX AND BERTIE FISH.

[WITH PORTRAITS.]

A pretty and plump prima donna and a handsome burlesque constitute this week's offering on our theatrical page. Della Fox is now successfully starring in "The Little Trooper." She is a bright and vivacious little soubrette, who was for years the mainstay of De Wolf Hopper's Company. We all remember the sensation caused by her splendid impersonation of *Prince Mataya* in "Wang." In one brief season she has established her position in the theatrical firmament.

Bertie Fish is a conspicuous member of the burlesque company engaged by Manager George J. Kraus for the Imperial Music Hall. She is appearing very effectively in "Rob-Ber-Roy."

TIED TO A BEDPOST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The farm residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Engel, four miles west of Bremen, Ind., was entered by four masked burglars, who took the aged couple from their bed and tied them to the bedposts. The robbers then ransacked the house and made good their escape with several hundred dollars, most of which was gold. The fire in the stove having gone out, the old couple were found, nearly frozen to death, by neighbors. The robbers were traced to a near schoolhouse, where they built a fire and divided their plunder. The Sheriff and a posse of armed men are now scouring the country in search of the robbers.

RICHARD F. ROGERS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

This is the portrait of a clever all-round athlete. He swings light and heavy Indian clubs, is a juggler, a lifter of weights, shot-putter, wrestler, boxer and sprint runner. He belongs in Fitchburg, Mass., but hails originally from New York. His weight is 140 pounds, height 5 feet 4 inches, biceps 13½ inches, fore arm 12½ inches, calf 15 inches, thigh 21 inches, neck 16 inches, chest 40½ inches. Swings a 62-pound Indian club, two 14-pound clubs and juggles them, and swings and juggles two 3-pounders. Lifts 734 pounds of iron from the floor and puts up 95 pounds in each hand.

A HAIR-PULLING MATCH.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The town of Mt. Olivet, Ky., was recently the scene of a highly sensational happening. It was a street fight, and two prominent young ladies of the place were the participants.

Miss Julia Dolson and Miss Nannie Brierly, it seems, lost their hearts to the same young man. Robert Williams is his name, and he seemed to get a good deal of pleasure from the fact that both young girls were in love with him. He was not at all selfish or one-sided in his attentions, but divided his time as nearly as possible between the two fair maidens. One evening he was whispering sweet nothings into the ear of Miss Dolson, and the next, possibly, he was devotion itself to Miss Brierly.

Affairs went on in this way for several weeks. Mr. Williams happy and contented that he had two of the most prominent young ladies in love with him, and the young ladies thinking all manner of things about each other but not daring to say anything. However, things came to a climax last week. Mr. Williams had seemed more devoted to Miss Brierly; in fact, had spent most of the week with her, and on Sunday had taken her out sleighing.

This was too much for Miss Dolson, who, though very high-minded and willful, seemed to really love Mr. Williams. But the devoted attention Mr. Williams had paid to Miss Brierly during the week was the straw that broke the camel's back. The young ladies had not spoken to each other for weeks, and always seemed to delight in saying something mean about each other, but a few days ago, on one of the principal streets, they met and recognized each other.

A few words were passed, then hair, hat-pins, etc., began to fly. Miss Dolson landed first, knocking off Miss Brierly's hat, then Miss Brierly came at Miss Dolson and struck her with a large purse she was carrying in her hand. Both were furious; their hats were off and their hair was flying about wildly. First blood was drawn by Miss Brierly, when she scratched Miss Dolson on the face. After a few moments' skirmishing they gathered up their hats, wraps, etc., and retreated, going in opposite directions.

The parents of the girls are very much humiliated and seemed to regret the affair greatly. Mr. Williams says the encounter knocked all the admiration out of him for either of them, and their fighting and scratching was all in vain.

JOSH H. HOLBROOK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

J. H. Holbrook, whose picture appears in this issue, plays a number of musical instruments with much virtuosity. He is extremely popular in the English vaudeville profession, and is now playing a successful engagement at the Royal Aquarium, London.

LIZZIE HOLBROOK.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Lizzie Holbrook is the champion post-horn, cornet and saxophone player in England. Together with her husband, J. H. Holbrook, she appears in a new and unique act of musical novelties. Her picture appears elsewhere.

GOOD? "YOU BET!"

"Her Love Her Ruin." By Adolph Belot, the celebrated French writer. No. 3 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, created a sensation in Paris. With 50 illustrations drawn by special artists. Sent by mail to any address, securely wrapped, on receipt of price, 50 cents, by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.



FOND OF PRETTY ACTRESSES.

ton left Osborn, and it was six months before they made up again, registering at the Grand Hotel in this city as man and wife. Osborn pacified the executors of the estate with the assurance that there had been no ceremony.

Superintendent Byrnes, who is also indebted to the Goulds for financial assistance, was a useful friend to Osborn, it has always been understood. Another friend was Addison Cammack, once a partner of Charles J. Osborn, who is said to have put Howell in the way of picking up \$60,000 in Wall street once.

Osborn has been an invalid, or almost an invalid, for about three years. In 1892 he met in Australia the nephew of an English nobleman, whom he made his private secretary. The task of amusing himself had become burdensome to Osborn. He had shown a remarkable ingenuity in devising means of spending his money, but at last the squandering of \$100,000 a year had become tedious and routine effort. To think of something new in extravagance was the principal duty of the secretary. Osborn became a listless and inert figure in the drift of his own affairs. He was sick. He came near dying of blood poisoning from the scratch of an oyster shell. That was in Paris. He was in bed six weeks.

ROBBED A SENATOR'S DAUGHTER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Katie R. Hanby, the 14-year-old daughter of State Senator Robert J. Hanby, was assaulted and robbed near her home, at Bellevue, Brandywine Hundred, Del. Miss Hanby had called on a neighbor, and was return-

DO YOU ALL KNOW!

The Colored Fighters from the time of Meville to Peter Jackson. With numerous illustrations and portraits of all the prominent American and English colored pugilists. An interesting and valuable book. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price, 25 cents, by RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York.

came to this country and settled in Baltimore. He entered the service of the Herald in 1835, the year the paper was founded. He was then a printer. He became superintendent of the building, and then carried on his sporting work in addition to his other duties. Later on he devoted his time exclusively to sporting matters. He was a strong and forcible writer. Some of his best work was done in connection with the reporting of the noted prize fights of the last fifty years. There is not a man who is familiar with American sports who will not remember "Uncle Joe," as he was familiarly called. He was everywhere recognized as an authority on sporting matters. He was a tall and powerful man and able to withstand fatigue as few men are.

His widow, a son, Joseph Elliott, who is superintendent in the Money Order Department in the Post Office, and three daughters survive him.

A DARING ELOPEMENT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Eva Morrell, eighteen years old, and Richmond Hill, twenty years old, eloped, the boy calling for the girl in a carriage. Her father saw the love-sick girl climb out of a window and followed her and the rash youth to the Worcester railroad tracks near Danielsonville, Conn.

Descending from his buggy, whip in hand, he demanded that Eva go back with him. She refused and clung to Hill. At that moment a freight train was going slowly by. Quickly catching Eva in his arms, Hill sprang upon the caboose steps. With a flag staff he



COLLEGE BOY ON A RACKET.

A PROMINENT YOUNG GOTHAMITE, STUDYING AT YALE COLLEGE, ESCORTS A COUPLE OF WOMEN TO HIS ROOMS AFTER TAKING THEM TO A BALL, AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.



SHOT AT AN INTRUDER.

A DETERMINED WOMAN BLAZES AWAY TWICE AT A FORWARD HEN-LIFTER, AT GUTHSVILLE, PA.



ROBBED A SENATOR'S DAUGHTER.

A BOLD THIEF RELIEVES MISS KATIE A. HANBY OF HER PURSE AND VALUABLES, NEAR BELLEVUE, DEL.

IN FISTIANA'S REALM.

The Anti-Pugilism Sentiment
Muddles Things.

DID PLIMMER RUN AWAY?

Some Unwelcome News for England's
Paper Champions.

MAYOR CALDWELL FAVORS BOXING.

Unless the Anti-Pugilism bill gets a knockout blow when it is called up in the Senate we have seen the last of boxing in New York city. That free fight which took place on the stage during Mike Donovan's show at Lenox Lyceum the other night was unfortunate, happening as it did just at a time when everything looked rosy for straightening out the complications that involved fistic sport. Now things are in a more muddled-up condition than ever, and I am not so sanguine now, as I was a week ago, that the matter would be adjusted in an amicable way for everybody. The intelligence of the members of the Senate is depended upon to correct the mistake that was made in the lower house. That a mistake was made I am assured, for a certain member of the Assembly wrote me the other day that he, like a good many of his associates, voted for the measure without a proper understanding or appreciation of its merits. The bill was railroaded through the House without argument or debate, other than a mild protest from one Republican who referred briefly to its drastic qualities. In the Senate the bill has received fuller consideration. Its merits and demerits have been analyzed by fair-minded and intelligent men; who, when they vote, will be thoroughly convinced that what they elect will be for the best interests of the community.

It will be unwelcome news for the colony of fighters now in England, to learn that Parson Davies, with Tommy Ryan and Joe Choyinski have engaged passage to Europe on the Steamship Majestic, sailing at an early date. This plan was arranged after the failure to negotiate matches for Ryan and Choyinski by cable. The parsimony of the National Sporting Club in offering purses too small to be even considered seriously, urged Davies to take a chance on his own hook. He will ignore the boxing clubs of London, and whatever fistic shows either of his two proteges participate in, will be under his individual direction.

The National Sporting Club has, I fear, made a bad move in not effecting some sort of an arrangement with Davies, for his attractions are sure to become popular with the English sporting people, and after they have established their bona fide claims to recognition, will be very attractive drawing cards.

Speaking of Ryan's failure to negotiate with Burge recalls some slightly uncomplimentary things that have been said, all of which place the British champion in a bad light. Burge had pretended he wanted a match with Ryan, but on conditions only that his debt be immediately settled upon; otherwise he was to retire. When Parson Davies accepted on behalf of his protege, Burge wanted to back Nickless for the job, a fighter whom Burge whipped some time ago in England. Now, I should say such an arrangement would suit Ryan, for he did not, if he could help it, want to go in against the best of his class in England the first battle of the box—not that he had any misgivings about winning, but from a purely business standpoint. He is out for money, and he would much rather ply his trade across the pond in a manner to get as many fights as possible. If he should go against Burge first, who is considered the best in England, the others would probably have no leary of him that he would find it a difficult job to get a chance at any more boxing bits, unless he should go up against bigger fellows than are limited by the welter-weight notch. Nickless, it is claimed, is pretty near to a 150 pound middleweight these days, but he is doubtless, even at that weight, still somewhat below Burge in fighting size.

Ryan would not hesitate to tackle Tod Pritchard, providing he could round up toward him by getting on with a lot of the British welters.

Since the Ryan-Dempsey fight I notice there has been a little fight talk stirred up in connection with a match between Ryan and Dan Creedon, avowed of which I quote an item from a Chicago sporting paper, in which the writer says: "If Ryan has not lost his head there will be no fight between the welterweight champion and Dan Creedon. If he hearkens to the advice of his new manager and backer he will be content to claim nothing his weight does not justify. Indisputably the best man in the lower 40 class, he may find himself in the also ran lot if he essays to tackle a middleweight. Ryan might whip Creedon, but the dicker birds are not a unit on this point. The Australian might go wrong in the ring with Ryan, but there is no reason to believe that he will. With Ryan and Creedon both in shape and well, Ryan can sight nothing more tempting than second money. If there is any glory attached to it, Chicago has a champion in Ryan, and does not care to see him beaten in a match conceived in idleness."

I don't think Parson Davies was ever before accused of idleness. The people who have transacted business with the Chicago sport are a unit in the belief that he has an ace under his cuff at all times, and remembering this there is little danger of Ryan getting the worst of matchmaking when the "Parson" is around.

Tom O'Rourke and George Dixon have, to all intents and purposes, settled their little differences, resumed their old relations of manager and star, and things are going along as serene and calm as of yore. Dixon's reasons for quitting the company are said to be due to Joe Walcott's increasing popularity. The little champion is jealous of the attentions of his manager, and it angered him to have O'Rourke's interest divided with another. Walcott has also become one of the features of the combination, in which Dixon was for so long a stellar attraction. This division of popularity has riled the latter, and many a battle has been imminent, so unfriendly have they become. O'Rourke's managerial skill may be depended upon, however, to make the sailing smooth for all hands.

By the way, announcing that he wanted to engage Billy Plimmer to take Dixon's place in the company was a very shrewd move on the genial O'Rourke's part to bring Dixon "back to earth." Plimmer tells me that he never had any communication with O'Rourke about joining his show, and ridiculed the idea of his accepting an offer, after the unpleasant sentiments that have been exchanged between them.

Plimmer is now planning to go to England to fight Corfield for the bantam championship of the world, and he will find that occupation more to his liking than barnstorming about the country.

Disappointments were many at the last fistic entertainment of the Manhattan Athletic Club in New York. Frank Erne, the Buffalo featherweight, was disappointed because Jerry Marshall did not put in an appearance for their proposed encounter. Marshall was disappointed because the club valued his services so indifferently as to only offer \$200 for the bout which attracted enough people to add \$2,400 to the revenue of the organization. Johnny Van Heest was likewise disappointed, because he could not induce matchmaker Newman to give him a \$500 guarantee to go on and meet the doughty Buffalonian; and lastly, the patrons of the show were disappointed in not being able to see a bout that promised to be more interesting than any that has been "carded" this season. Erne and the spectators are the only ones who have any just cause for complaint. Erne hoped to add to his laurels by beating the black Australian, but the latter, whose reputation is a trifle above \$200 purses, was, in any opinion, justified in remaining away. The

bout between he and Erne if decided in Buffalo, Rochester or any of the contiguous towns where Erne is well and favorably known, would have netted the winner \$1,000 or \$1,500. The same may be said about Van Heest. He and the Buffalo lad might have made a great net; too great in fact for the paltry sum offered by the Manhattan people. Boxing is a profitable institution—for the clubs. The fighters deserve an occasional slice from the sugar side of the cake, however.

There was another side to the little episode which resulted in the termination of Prof. Donovan's show. It is customary with Donovan to reimburse the talent which appears at a fistic entertainment under his auspices immediately after its conclusion. Owing to the commotion and general dissatisfaction among the spectators at the manner in which Inspector Williams stopped the show, and the fact that most of the more sensible people present had advised him to postpone settling matters until he felt more at ease, caused one of the colored gentry, Andy Watson, to fistic his brethren to make trouble. No explanation would suffice to appease the appetite of this particular fistic artist for gore, so he got it, Denny Butler swinging hard on the colored boxer's mouth, drawing the blood freely. Butler, however, lost his equilibrium on the slippery pavement and fell on his back on the curbstone. The colored man seeing this started in to kick Butler as he lay there, but was promptly restrained by Billy Vernon and the others in the party. The trouble arose through the black knight of knuckles making a disparaging remark reflecting on Prof. Donovan's reputation, which was resented in an instant by Butler, although he took big chances by doing so, as at least one dozen colored men were in the party, and Butler was unarmed, and had but two white men with him.

In Cincinnati, it is hard to make the men who talk about boxers believe that Plimmer is not afraid of Australian Billy Murphy. The Portopolitans say that Plimmer, the bantam champion, left their city on the run when a purse of good size for a bout with Murphy was in sight. A representative of one of the Cincinnati clubs had a talk with Murphy and Plimmer, for the purpose of arranging a bantamweight championship match. Plimmer said that he could not think of fighting ten rounds with Murphy for less than \$1,500. Murphy's generosity took the form of "Anything that suits Plimmer suits Murphy." The club took the bout under consideration. Then Murphy defeated McGraw. Plimmer stayed to see the bout, and was next heard of as on his way to New York.

Plimmer can find lots of easier game than the Australian, and for the life of me, I can't see what the Cincinnati Club people can be thinking of in trying to arrange such an unequal match. Little Billy would be conceding weight, height and reach to his antagonist. Speaking of Plimmer reminds me that nothing more definite than the simple announcement, that he has been matched with Corfield, has been received from England. When I talked with him the other day, he had not then received any personal assurance that a match had been made, and was anxiously awaiting the receipt of a letter containing full particulars.

In the event of Plimmer not feeling disposed to take on England's little champion, Jimmy Barry thinks he would find the job to his liking, and is willing to go to England to fight Corfield or make some arrangement for the latter to come here. Barry can be backed for \$2,500, to fight anybody in the world at 105 pounds.

Mayor Caldwell, of Cincinnati, has espoused the cause of the boxer in a contest with the Municipal Reform League, an organization that is trying to rule or ruin the city. Speaking of the resolutions recently adopted by the organization above named, the Mayor said, the other day:

"These resolutions state that under the guise of scientific sparring contests, prize fights have occurred in this city with my permission, and request me not to issue permits for any more contests. The resolutions do me an injustice. When I decided to permit sparring contests I was actuated by the best motives. I am in favor of sparring as an athletic sport. I have said that time and again. The permits I have given were issued on certain conditions. The contests were to be free from any brutality, were to be for points only, and no knock-outs were to be tolerated. In case there were any, I decided that the club under whose direction they occurred were to be given no more permits. As a matter of fact, unless I have been deceived, these conditions have been observed. There have been no knock-outs.

"Some time ago it became evident that fighters from all over the country were settling in Cincinnati. This was an evil which needed to be eradicated. I therefore announced that in the future no permits would be issued for contests in which foreign men appeared. In other words, none but local men would be permitted to spar. I reiterated that the contests must be confined strictly within the lines of scientific sparring. Notwithstanding this, certain clubs went on with arrangements for contests in which men who do not live here were to appear. They will not take place. That is final. The Olympic Club, I understand, is arranging for two contests, in which the men are not residents of this city. I shall not issue permits for them. In future contestants must be Cincinnatians and bona-fide members of the athletic club before which they are to appear. Unless the clubs live up to my rules I will stop sparring altogether."

M. Wellington Leonard, the Beau Brummel of the fistic world, is back in New York. I met him on Broadway the day after his arrival from Cincinnati. His fight with Kid Hogan did not come off for the reason which Harry Weldon so graphically describes as follows: "The cause that led up to the abandonment of the proposed encounter came from an entire unexpected quarter. Last evening Jimmie Leonard, a brother of Mike, who came here as his trainer, came down from Jack Miller's training quarters in the East End. He visited the *Enquirer* office and a few minutes later received a telegram from New York announcing the death of his brother. 'What do you think of that?' sadly exclaimed Jimmie, as he read the telegram. 'Why, Patsey was as sound as a dollar when I left home. He weighed 170 pounds and was in the best of health. This will break Mike's heart, as Patsey was his favorite brother.'"

"Then Jimmie began to hustle around. A messenger boy was sent up to the training quarters to notify Mike. Johnnie Sullivan and Billy Schaefer, to oblige the Leonard boys, hustled up to where Tommy Hogan was training, and requested Hogan and his manager, Mike Conley, the Ithaca Giant, to meet Leonard. After discussing the matter from every angle it was decided best to call the match off temporarily anyhow."

Mike told me that he made the biggest kind of a hit in Cincinnati; and was thinking seriously of taking up his permanent residence there and entering into a contest for popularity with the big sporting editor of the *Enquirer*.

The following clipping from the London

Referee makes interesting reading: "Corbett's reported offer of a \$5,000 a side match to Jackson is a mighty bit of bouce on which I sincerely trust Jackson will not worry himself. J. J. C.'s figures are writ very large; so are his conditions. As usual, he wants everything all his own way. The Californian now prefers the National Sporting Club, which he is prepared to patronize at his own price. Confound his confessions! After the kind way in which he denounced the whole show, and said that he wouldn't box in it were Windsor Castle paid him as an inducement, he would be treated as well as he deserves if informed that the N. S. C. had no use for him. If I were emperor of the National Sporting Club no prospect of profit would make me listen to Corbett's propositions unless he publicly apologized for the nonsense, also untruths, he let off in America for advertising purposes."

No feathers are needed to tickle the risibilities of anybody who happens to read that. Patronize the National Sporting Club, eh? It might be interesting to the individual who penned the above paragraph to learn that somebody is stuffing him with a lot of nonsense just to see how far he will go in shooting his head off. Corbett has not made an offer of a \$5,000 a side match with Jackson; does not prefer the National Sporting Club; wants no part of Mr. John Fleming, and has no intention of apologizing for the truths he uttered when he returned to America after his memorable sojourn in London.

"SAM" AUSTIN.

NEW IDEAS ON BOXING.

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Thursday, March 14th, will contain
the First Supplement.

Price 10 cents at all Newsdealers.
13 weeks \$1.00. Mailed to any address.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

Benny Murphy will assist Young Griffe in training for his contest with Horace Leeds.

"Oh, dear, no," said Tom O'Rourke, when asked if he and George Dixon had had a row.

Griffe and Leeds will each have a good chance to tell or show the public his true value as a boxer.

Jimmie Dime and Young Griffe have been matched to fight a limited number of rounds in Boston on March 8.

"It is all Dennis Butler's fault," the managers say, and if you will wait they will prove to you that he killed boxing in New York.

Jack Grace has completely recovered from the effects of the injury to his right arm, and announces his willingness to make a match with any 155-pound man in the country for a purse and stake.

It is rather likely that a mill between Johnny Van Heest and Frank Erne, of Buffalo, will be arranged very shortly. Erne is willing to make the match if some organization offers a purse.

Jimmy Dime is so confident that he can defeat Jerry Marshall, the colored feather weight, that he offers to make a match with the latter for a stake of \$2,000 a side and the largest purse obtainable.

Friends of Tommy Ryan in Chicago strongly advise the welterweight champion against going out of his class and taking on Middleweight Dan Creedon. They think Ryan is inviting sure defeat by doing so.

Barney Kelly, the Philadelphia bantam weight boxer, who claims to have bested Billy Plimmer in a recent limited round bout, offers to fight any one his weight in the world for any amount, from \$1,000 to \$5,000 a side.

C. Simpson has accepted the challenge of Jack Plimmer, Billy Plimmer's brother, who is now in England, and the pair will shortly sign articles for a match. The National Sporting Club will hang up a purse for the lads.

Paddy McBride, of Philadelphia, and George Bromley, of Chicago, the featherweight pugilists, have signed articles to fight twenty rounds for a purse of \$500 and a side bet of a like amount in private with skin tight gloves.

Charley White, who has developed more pugilists than any man in the business, has taken Sam Tompkins, of Astoria, under his wing. Charley will back Tompkins against Jack Handler or Jack Everhardt at 135 pounds.

Dick Burge, despite the fact that he is not as good a man as he was when in this country, has challenged the "Coffee Cooler" in London to fight him, and agrees to concede the latter 12 pounds in weight if he will make a match for \$1,000 a side.

The gloves fight to a finish between Chris Freeman, of Ridgewood, L. I., and Billy Ernst, of Brooklyn, was to have been decided one night last week, but Ernst failed to appear, and the money paid for tickets was returned to the spectators present.

Johnny O'Brien, the Welshman, in the London "Sporting Life," says that while he did not show anything like his true form in his fight with the "Coffee Cooler," he is prepared to box the latter again, or any man in the world at 150 pounds, for £200 a side.

Tom O'Rourke has become very much impressed with Johnny Lavack's style of boxing, and is willing to match him against any feather weight in the country barring George Dixon. Lavack hails from Cleveland, and is reputed to be very clever.

Mike Harris, of New York, wants to meet any lightweight at 135 pounds, either to a finish or limited rounds, for a purse or side bet. Harris has been in the West, fighting all comers in the lightweight division, and has acquired considerable skill and proficiency.

An effort will be made to bring Jimmy Dime and Kid Lavigne together at Boston. The opinion is that Dime is undertaking a hazardous job in going against Lavigne, for he has considerable to learn, judging from his essay with Jerry Marshall at Coney Island recently.

Charley Kelly, who is stronger than he ever was in his career and whose confidence in himself has not diminished, despite the poor showing he made against Billy Plimmer, intends to go to Boston and fight Jimmy Kavey again. Kelly has defeated Kavey once.

Joe Butler, of Philadelphia, will not go to England with Denny Butler. The former appears to have had some kind of a tilt with Denny, and as a consequence Joe will remain on this side of the water until May, then, Butler declares, he will sail for London under the management of Tom O'Rourke.

Nease Innes, the sporting editor of the Boston "Herald," has just issued a little volume called "Ring Records and Fistic Facts," and the information contained will be found invaluable to followers of the boxing game. Reliable records and pictures of all the well-known pugilists of America, England and Australia are in the book.

According to a cable received at the "Police Gazette" office, Dick Burge has challenged Frank Craig, the Harlem Coffee Cooler. Burge conceding the latter 12 pounds in weight, for \$1,000 a side and a purse. Arthur Valentine accepts the Seaside Athletic Club's offer to box Lavigne, and will sail for America upon the receipt of articles of agreement and expenses.

The Weir, the Belfast Spider, appears to have an inflated idea of his own importance. The other day, in Boston, a \$500 purse was offered for him to box Young Straight of Australia ten rounds, but he refused, declaring that the purse was too small. Weir even snuffed at the idea of 50 per cent. of the gate receipts, although this was perfectly satisfactory to the Australian.

Charley Johnson, the pugilist of St. Paul, Minn., who defeated Cock Robin in London, has, according to a cable the *Police Gazette* received last week, challenged any lightweight in England, to fight for the championship and has posted \$250 forfeit. He prefers Arthur Valentine, but the latter declines the meeting on the ground that he is coming to America to fight Kid Lavigne.

John P. Eckhart, matchmaker of the Atlantic Athletic Club of Coney Island, is engaged trying to arrange a great fistic tourney. The scheme is to offer an \$8,000 purse for a professional tournament between the lightweight pugilists of America and England. The prize he means to divide into three parts, \$5,000 going to the competitor with the greatest number of victories; \$2,000 to the next man, and \$1,000 to the third. Eckhart has already received a score or so of entries.

At the Farragut Athletic Club's rooms, Boston, on February 15, Jimmy Kavey and John Joyce, better known as Young Heenan, of Woonsocket, fought for a \$300 purse and the champion-

ship of New England. The men weighed in at 114 pounds, and from the very start Joyce was not in it. Kavey landed when and where he pleased, knocking his opponent down repeatedly. This soon became monotonous, and before the first round had ended Joyce drove out and the fight was awarded to Kavey.

Eddie Sweeney, of Brooklyn, obtained a decision over Tommy Butler, also of Brooklyn, at the recent stag of the National Athletic Club. The boys were matched to fight 8 rounds at 140 pounds, and W. W. Moters, who officiated as referee, stopped the bout at the third round. He had repeatedly warned Butler against fouling his opponent, and when Butler held his man with one hand and upper-cut him with the other, he disqualified him, much to the disappointment of the spectators. Mike Mulroy was easily defeated by Wally Cook, of New York, in 6 rounds. The rest of the show consisted of a special bout between Eugene Hornbaker, of New York, and Billy O'Connor, and Dave Perry, 105-pound colored champion of the world, and Billy Rothabottom, of the National A. C., in which the white boy knocked his man out in 3 rounds; Billy Leonard, 115-pound champion National A. C., boxed 4-round exhibition bout with Bill Pratt, of the same club.

The regular monthly boxing show of the Scottish-American Athletic Club will take place on Saturday evening, March 2, in the rooms of the club, 435 Greve street, Jersey City. On this occasion the Scots will introduce two new boxers whom they judge to be first raters—Tom Gaffney and Pat Hayes. Gaffney, who hails from Philadelphia, brings with him an unparalleled record, beating the best men in that section. In the Winter Circus he bested Billy Bachman in 4 rounds and made a 4-round draw with Benny Peterson, who lowered the colors of the Kentucky Roebuck; in Washington, D. C., he convinced Gearig, of New York, that he was no match for him, and defeated in 6 rounds Wm. Rogers, featherweight champion of Delaware. Gaffney will try to make 6 rounds interesting to Frank Pinto, the Italian champion of the East Side. Pat Hayes, of the Scots, will have for an adversary John Quindy, of Englewood, who fought a draw with Tom Kelly and Jack Downey in the Scots' tournament last May. James Coolahan (Scots) will meet Tom McSpadden, the clever boxer of the Hanover A. C., and the "Seeds Brownie" (England vs. America) will give their novel entertainment of what little they know about boxing.

MAHER AND O'DONNELL.

Matched at the "Police Gazette" Office to Box
Twenty-five Rounds.

Peter Maher and Steve O'Donnell have been matched to fight twenty-five rounds on May 15 next. The contest will be decided by the club offering the largest purse, and as both men are in the heavyweight division they will meet at catch weights. The match was consummated at the *Police Gazette* office. W. A. Brady of theatrical and pugilistic fame appeared for O'Donnell, and Maher was represented by his backer, John J. Quinn, of Pittsburgh.

Articles of agreement are as follows: Articles of Agreement, entered into between W. A. Brady representing Steve O'Donnell, and John J. Quinn, representing Peter Maher, for a scientific boxing contest with gloves between the said O'Donnell and the said Maher.

The contest to be according to the Marquis of Queensberry rules in twenty-four foot ring. The length of the contest to be 25 rounds. The date to be on or about May 15th, to be mutually agreed upon by the said Brady and Quinn, at the suggestion of the club securing the contest.

The acceptance of the club under whose auspices the contest shall take place to be according to mutual agreement between the said Quinn and the said Brady.

The referee to be named by the club securing the contest, but must be satisfactory to both principals. It is further agreed that the referee shall render a decision at the finish providing both men are on their feet at the call of time. In case of interference the referee to award the decision to whichever of the principals who, in his judgment, has the best of the contest up to the time of said interference. The gloves used to be of the smallest size allowed by law, privilege of inspection being allowed the principals three days before the date of the contest.

This agreement entered into on February 14, 1895.

Witnesses.
DAN J. SMITH, SAM C. AUSTIN.
W. A. BRADY for O'Donnell, J. J. QUINN, for Maher.

LOOKING FOR YOUNG PLAYERS.

The New York Club's policy in regard to players this season will be to engage any young men in the minor leagues who give promise of becoming stars. Davis is a strong advocate of young players, and in this opinion is firmly supported by the officials of the club.

"Some people believe in veteran players, but to the question, 'Where did all the big League stars come from?' the invariable answer is, 'From the minor and amateur leagues.'"

President Freedman has decided to leave Rusie entirely out of the team's make-up. Davis says with Meekin, Westervelt, German, Clark and Knauss the club has enough pitchers to begin the season with. He also argues that the Boston and Baltimore, with pitchers much inferior to those of last year's New York team, managed to lead the race almost the entire season. Rusie cannot afford to remain idle when he can get more than \$5,000 for his services, but the club officials say they can afford to lose money rather than give in. If they weaken this time it will merely be the same thing over again next year, and President Freedman doesn't propose to take such a disastrous course.

LOOKS LIKE OUR VIGILANT.

The recently launched 160-ton rater *Alisa* has been painted black above the water line and coppered below, says a late cable from Glasgow. Her profile above water bears a striking resemblance to the Vigilant. Her deck plan aft is rounded into counters, American fashion.

Her prominent features under water are an excessive rake of stern post and a deep fin keel lower. Her mast is very lofty, her boom long, and a great proportion of her sail area is in her mainsail. The *Alisa* left the Clyde on Saturday last with her racing spars aloft and her mainsail and jib set. She has a trialsal board for use in heavy weather. The *Alisa* is expected to be out in time to meet the Britannia in the first race in the Mediterranean.

HARDING WINS THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

The following special cable was received at the *Police Gazette* office:

LONDON, Feb. 16, 1895.
The Sullivan-Harding sculling match for the championship of England and £100 was rowed on the Tyne to-day. Harding beat Sullivan by a length. He says he will now try conclusions with Gaudaur, the American champion.

Sullivan is not satisfied with the result of the contest, and is desirous of a return match. [The records of Harding and Sullivan have been published in the *Police Gazette* several times.]

AGAINST AMERICAN SAILMAKERS.

A late cable from London says the Earl of Dunraven has engaged for the Valkyrie III. Capt. Sycamore, who had charge of the *Craftsman* last year, in addition to Capt. Cranfield, the skipper of Valkyrie II. The allegation that American sailmakers have infringed upon the patent of Ratusky & Laphorn's jibails has caused much unfavorable comment here, and the action of the Americans is censured generally.

Edwin Deane Fox, has sold his steam yacht *Rax* to W. B. Tyler, a wealthy young manufacturer of Fredericksburg, Va. Mr. Tyler will be ready to meet the *Vamoon*, *Yankee Doodle*, or either of the speedy boats whose owners are clamoring for a race either the Hudson or Sound.

PIQUANT AND INTENSE!

"The Fate of a Libertine." By Emile Zola, the author of "Nana." No. 2 of FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, with 96 original and piquant illustrations. Sent by mail, securely wrapped, to any address, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, New York.

SPORT OF ALL SORTS.

Events of Passing Interest that Merit Criticism.

RACING MEN AWAKENED.

Decadence of Interest in Billiards Suggests a Change.

NEWSY ITEMS AND SMALL TALK.

Racing men in the east have at last awakened to a full appreciation of the dangers which beset the future of the noble sport, and judging from the number of bills that have been presented to the legislature during the past few weeks, they are determined to do something to offset the destructive influence of the anti-betting clause in the Constitutional Amendment, which went into operation in New York State on January 1st.

The last of these corrective measures to be introduced, which is known as the Perry bill, is more wide-reaching, liberal and satisfactory than any of the others, while the anti-betting clause is stringent enough to suit even the sternest moralists and the most wild-eyed fanatics. All that is asked is the privilege of conducting a noble sport in an honorable fashion. The days of the night track and the merry-go-round were numbered when the amendments to the Constitution passed, as it would be an absolute impossibility to keep their gates open without the revenue from the pool rooms and the bookmakers. There was no sport in the electric light racing, and there was very poor sport at most of the merry-go-rounds, where the worst class of horse were raced. It would be possible, if Mr. Perry's bill became a law, to place the sport on something like the plane it occupied some years ago, when Jerome Park was in its prime. It was a social function then and the best people of the metropolis and the surrounding country made the historic saddlebags scarce the rendezvous of fashion, wealth, and beauty.

There are many reasons why this measure should become a law. It will help to foster the breeding industry and save it from the almost utter ruin which threatened it some months ago. For many weeks the leading trotting associations cogitated whether they would hold their meetings as of old, and men who had their all invested in horses and whose fortunes were in jeopardy held their breaths. Then it was decided to take a chance, and the programmes for Buffalo, Rochester, New York, and other points were announced. The Coney Island and Brooklyn Jockey Clubs and the Saratoga Racing Association gave notice that they would run the same as usual, and it is safe to say that the New York Jockey Club would not have declared off its programme but for the precipitate action of some horsemen who insisted upon knowing what the Messrs. Morris would do when the racing was at its very blackest. No body of men will watch the progress of the Perry bill with more interest than the farmers of this State. They know that if it passes their premiums for fat cattle, prize horses, sheep, and swine will be assured, and many of them will have to curse themselves for their blundering stupidity in voting away something over \$125,000 a year.

A St. Louis writer marvels upon the decadence of public interest in ball-line billiards and incidentally advises Schaefer and Ives to give the people who patronize billiard contests, what they want, namely, cushion caroms. There is much truth in what he says, that ball-line billiard matches, especially between this famous pair, are about played out in this country. Ives has so very conclusively proved himself to be the master of his mentor at this particular style that contests in which they oppose each other are interesting only from an artistic and instructive point of view.

It is well known that Schaefer is willing—nay, anxious—to meet Ives at the cushion game. If the Waterloo really meant business he would not doubt be accommodated. Ives is a veritable wonder to issue challenges unbacked by the color of his coin. His blatant challenge to Vignaux, which was accepted by that worthy, was smothered by the gas in which it was conceived. It has been observed with genuine regret that Ives has not as yet deposited his forfeit money to bind the odds match with the obese Parisian. This has grown to be quite common with the new school of professional experts of the "Napoleon" is a shining light.

It must be said that Schaefer belongs to the militant era, which produced Slosson, Sexton and Schaefer. His defiance is always accompanied by his money.

Cushion caroms is the acme of billiard science, and Ives is directly responsible for the decadence of the game in this country. Other professionals of third and fourth rate degree are constantly aping the master hand, not so much for the amount at stake as in the style of billiards played. Ives plays the ball-line game; therefore, every other player of any pretensions must need do likewise or lose caste. This is a grotesque feature of billiards.

It seems that the new Herreshoff cup defender will not have things all her own way next summer. I have learned on good authority that a syndicate of New York yachtsmen had been formed to charter the Jubilee, one of the best cup defenders built in 1893.

Gen. Paine, it is said, has agreed to lease the Jubilee, and the ex-cup defender will be altered and placed in the best possible racing trim for the trial races.

While it is as yet a profound secret as to who has chartered the fin centreboard flyer, it is understood that the syndicate is composed of some of the leading members of the New York Yacht Club, and that no expense will be spared to bring her to the line in the best possible condition.

The Jubilee, which was designed by John B. Paine, a son of Gen. Charles J. Paine, of Boston, is 84 feet 6 inches on the water line, 122 feet over all, 22 feet 6 inches beam, and draws 13 feet 9 inches in her centreboard. She has a gross tonnage of 100.99 tons, and is what is known as a combination fin centreboard.

To correct any misapprehension that the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE may have regarding the present whereabouts of Prof. Edwin Maury, who styles himself the champion high diver of the world, I take pleasure in referring to a letter from him of recent date. Maury was reported to have been killed while performing the incomparable feat of diving from a bar balloon 276 feet 4.8 inches into the Gulf of Vera Cruz.

Just how Maury determined the exact altitude it is difficult to say. Probably the distance, like his famous dive, was a phantom affair performed in the dead of night, on a feather mattress and a down pillow. However, the letter reads as follows:

HOCKTOWN, TEX., Feb. 10, 1895.
DEAR SIR:—As I notice, via some of the Eastern press notes, that I was killed during my contest off Vera Cruz, while descending from a balloon bar, the balloon being sent up from the deck of the steamer while outside on the Gulf, on Dec. 9, 1894, this being the \$5,000 contest between myself and Prof. Richard Algernon, at high diving, the measurements being 107 feet 3½ inches by Richard Algernon, and 276 feet 4.8 inches by myself, the descent being headforemost into the water, with boats made ready for the pick up, of which neither of us were found to be a corpse, and what is more, did not receive the slightest injury.

Will you kindly note the fact that I am not dead, but am well as usual, and on my way East. Will arrive in New York city the latter part of May, where my ambition as a high diver will end with a trial dive from the Brooklyn Bridge. Whether I make a success or not, it will positively be my last dive. I shall attempt the feat with

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aid without remuneration.

It is with much

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It will be his

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and flatter myself

that I have acquired

a fair degree of

aptitude for performing

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duties involved.

If I can be of

any service to

Prof. Maury, when

he makes his

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the medium of a

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EDWIN MAURY.

Champion High Diver of the World.

Eastern press has taken such a kindly

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RELIABLE SPORTING GOODS.

BOXING GLOVES,

AMATEUR GLOVES

Price, per set of four, \$4.00.

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FOOTBALLS, RUBBY AND ASSOCIATION.

\$2.50, \$3.25, \$4.00, \$4.50, \$5.00.

All orders must be accompanied by remittance.

We guarantee you will be satisfied.

Address

RICHARD K. FOX,

Franklin Square, New York.

H. C. B., New York.—Boyle's address is Elizabeth, N. J.

C. F., Artic Centre, R. L.—Your letter is unintelligible. Try again.

F. W. B., New York.—Did F. Johnston ever defeat George Dixon?

.....No.

A. G., Sharon, O.—How many rounds did Corbett and Sullivan

fight?.....Twenty-one.

</



SHE WAS A PLUCKY GIRL.

THE PRESENCE OF MIND OF A BRAVE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER PREVENTS A CATASTROPHE, AT FORT M'HENRY, NEAR BALTIMORE, MD.



JOSH H. HOLBROOK,

A CLEVER MUSICIAN, WHO IS NOW AT THE ROYAL AQUARIUM, LONDON.



LIZZIE HOLBROOK.

A CHARMING PLAYER ON THE POST-HORN, CORNET AND SAXAPHONE.



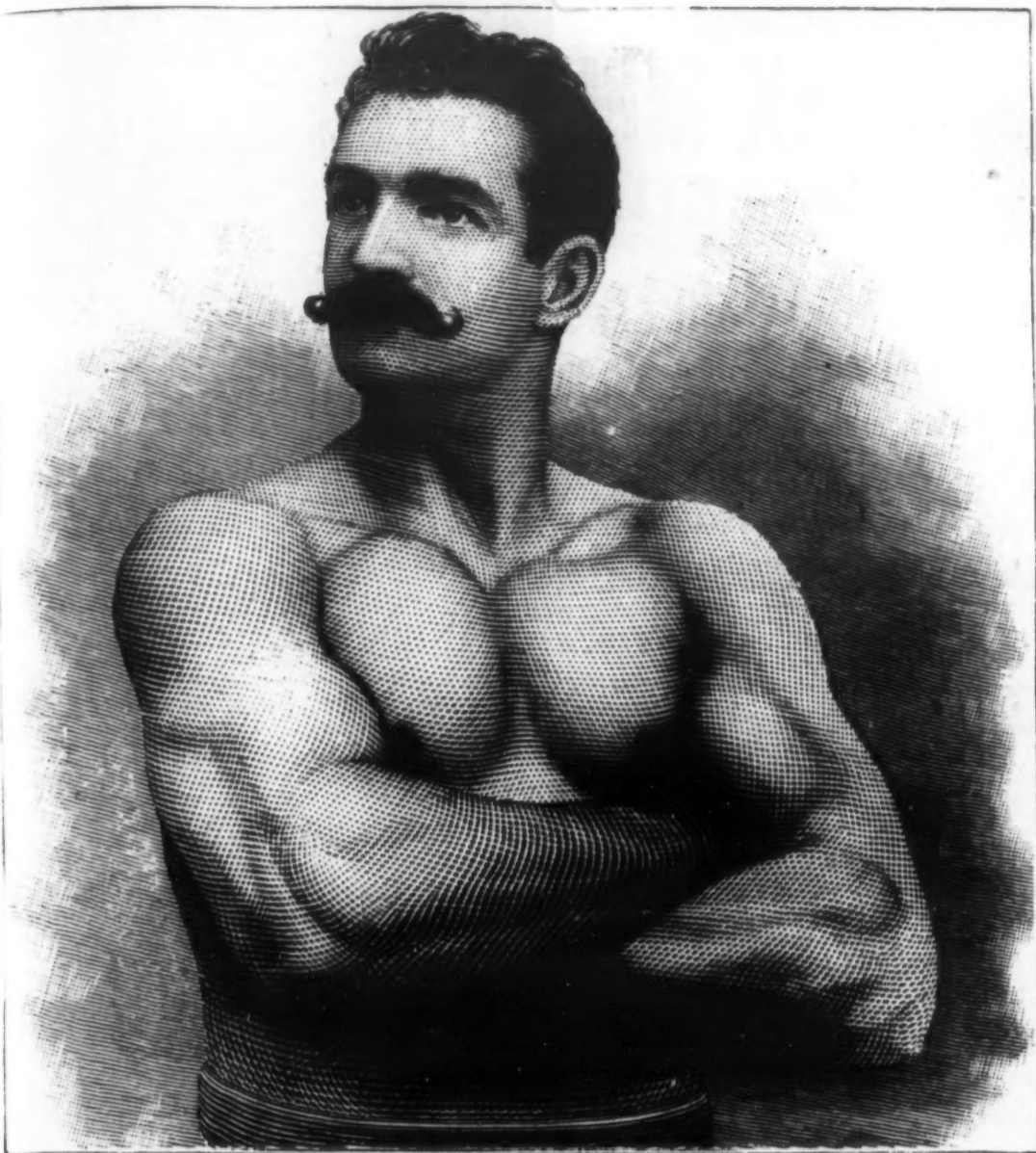
TIED TO A BEDPOST.

AN AGED COUPLE ARE SECURELY BOUND BY MASKED BURGLARS, WHO RELIEVE THEM OF THEIR GOLD, AT BREMEN, IND.



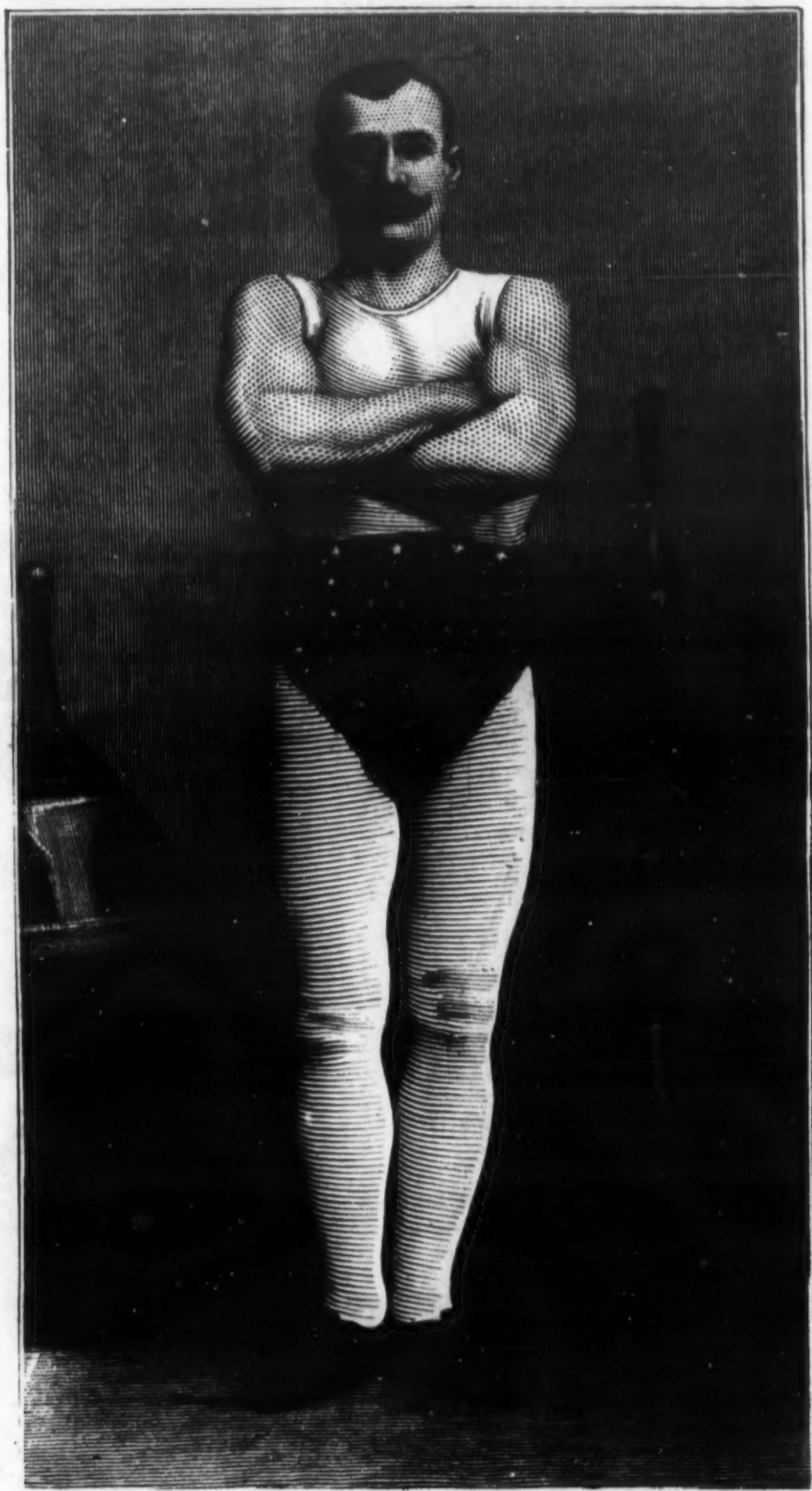
HORSEWHIPPED AN ACTOR.

AN IRATE MOTHER LASHES THE FORMER LEADING MAN OF MARGARET MATHER, AT INDIANAPOLIS, IND.



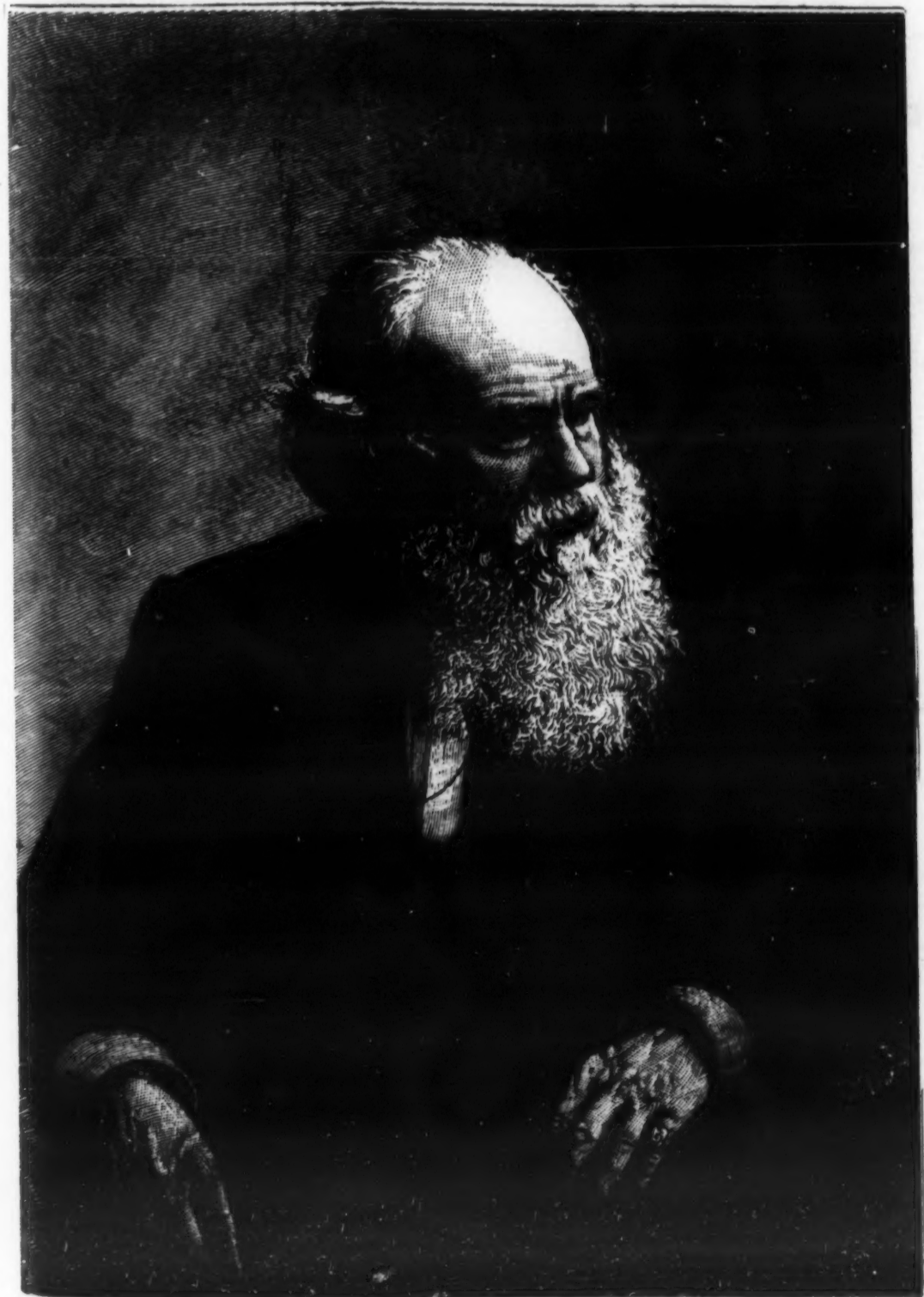
C. G. JEFFERSON.

A CHAMPION STRONG MAN, WHOSE REMARKABLE FEATS OF STRENGTH HAVE MADE HIM A WELL-KNOWN FIGURE IN SPORTING CIRCLES.



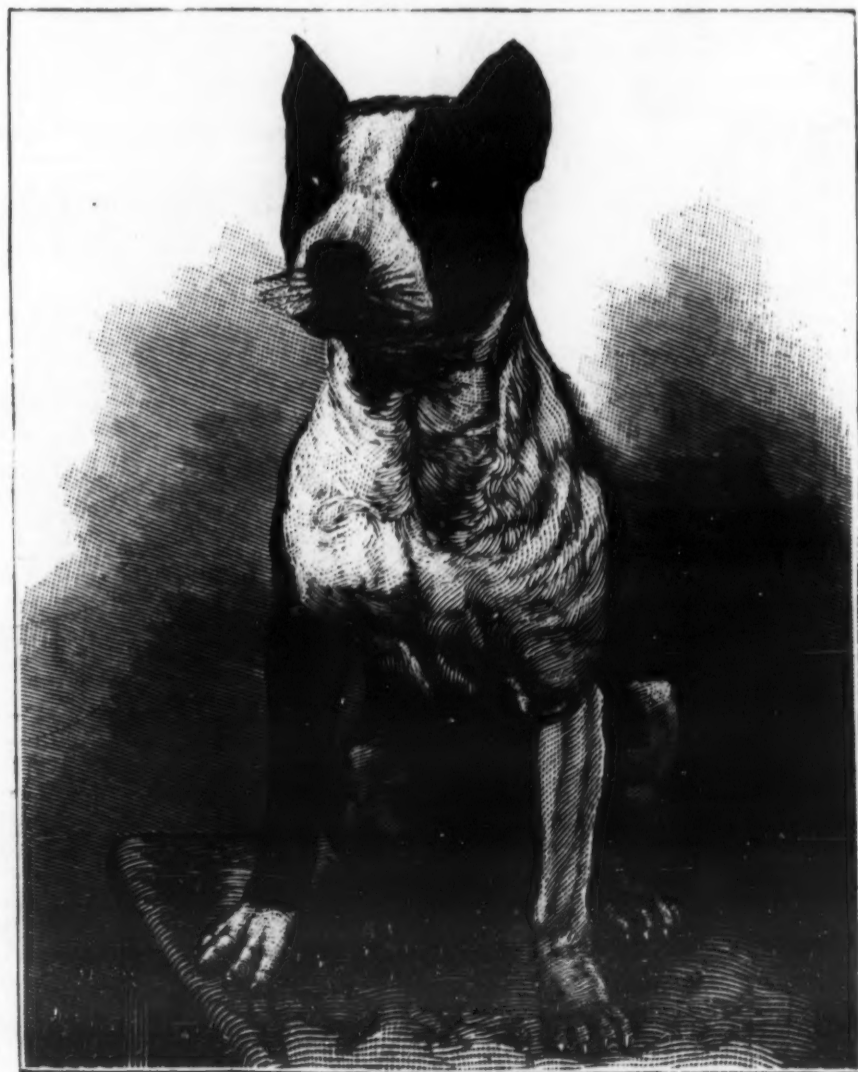
RICHARD F. ROGERS.

A CLEVER AND VERSATILE ALL-AROUND ATHLETE OF FITCHBURG, MASS., WHO EXCELS IN EVERY BRANCH OF SPORT.



JOSEPH ELLIOTT.

A CELEBRATED AUTHORITY ON SPORT, CONNECTED WITH THE "NEW YORK HERALD" SINCE ITS FOUNDATION, WHO DIED LAST WEEK.



"FITZSIMMONS."

A CHAMPION BULL-TERRIER, OWNED BY JAMES BLISS, OF PONTIAC, MICH., WHO IS LOOKING FOR A MATCH AT 42 POUNDS.

OUR FAMOUS TONSORIALISTS

Richard Bittner, Jr., a Greatly Patronized Barber, of Baltimore, Md.



Richard Bittner, Jr., runs a well-equipped barbershop at Cuba and Cook streets, at Baltimore, Md. He has a record of shaving a man in 20 seconds, and is well-liked by all who patronize him. The POLICE GAZETTE is part and parcel of his well-regulated establishment.

Advertisers, Attention!

Four Golden Opportunities During 1895.

Four Supplement Numbers of the "Police Gazette" in Rich Colors. Two sets of Companion Pictures to Appear during this year.

The first Supplement Number will be No. 916, published March 14th. This beautiful lithograph will be entirely different from any heretofore gotten up, and this issue will sell like wild-fire.

Advertising rate will remain unchanged, \$1.00 per line.

Forms close Thursday noon, March 7. Do not hesitate. Delays are dangerous. Second thoughts are not always the best.

Address
RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square,
New York.

ONE HONEST MAN.

Dear Editor: Please inform your readers that it written to confidentially, I will mail, in a sealed letter, the plan pursued by which I was permanently restored to health and manly vigor, after years of suffering from Nervous Weakness, night losses and weak, shrunken parts.

I have no scheme to extort money from any one whosoever. I was robbed and swindled by the quacks until I nearly lost faith in mankind, but, thank Heaven, I am now well, vigorous and strong, and anxious to make this certain means of cure known to all.

Having nothing to sell or send C. O. D., I want no money. Address
JAS. A. HARRIS,
Box 80, Delray, Mich.

\$1,000 REWARD!

\$500 will be paid for the return of the "Police Gazette" Heavy-weight Championship Belt, stolen at Davenport, Ia., Nov. 11; an additional \$500 will be paid for the arrest and conviction of the thief or thieves.
RICHARD K. FOX.

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TURKISH HAIR ELIXIR
Grows a Heavy Beard, a Glossy Mustache, beautiful Eyebrows, or Lustrous Hair on Bald Heads in one month, or money refunded. A preparation you may rely on. We warrant every package. Price 50 cts. ready for use, 3 for \$1.00. 1 for \$1.00. Sent by mail.
TRUSTEES MAN'S CO., Ste. A, Boston, Mass.

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MARRIED LADIES or those Contemplating Marriage, send stamp for Important Information and Free Sample. **UNION SPECIALTY COMPANY,** New Haven, Conn.

A VERY useful invention for Man or Woman. Sample sent (sealed) 25 cents. Two for 40 cents. **RUBBER SPECIALTY CO.,** (Box A), Oswego, N. Y.

SALOON FIXTURES.

SALOON OUTFITS. Catalogue Free. Write **AMERICAN SALOON FIXTURE CO.,** Cincinnati, Ohio.

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WEAK MEN CURED.

Recipe Sent Free

A victim of youthful errors causing Emissions, Small, Weak Parts, Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Varicocele, etc., having discovered a quick, permanent, private, home cure, will send the prescription with full directions FREE to any one in need of it. Inclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Address

G. B. WRIGHT, MUSIC DEALER, BOX 1894, MARSHALL, MICH.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

COOK REMEDY CO.

SYPHILIS! Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Syphilis permanently cured in 15 to 30 days. You can be treated at home for the same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Syphilitic BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address **COOK REMEDY CO., 307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.**

COOK REMEDY CO.



FREE! WEAK MEN

Cure Yourself at Home, Privately. Why suffer needlessly, when a simple Prescription which I will send you FREE will cure any case of Lost Manhood, Nightly Losses, Impotency, Varicocele, and all effects of Abuse or Excess. Full strength, tone and development given to every part of the body. This simple remedy cured me after everything else had failed, and I know it will cure you. I have restored thousands to robust health, vigor and development who were hopeless of a cure. Correspondence strictly confidential. **F. W. ROBERTS, Marshall, Mich.**

DRUNKENNESS is a DISEASE. It can be cured. I will gladly send to any man, the RECEIPT, with full directions sealed, FREE, which cured me of SEXUAL WEAKNESS, Nightly Losses, Nervousness, Small, Weak Parts, Self-Abuse, etc. Address **THOMAS SLATER, Box 950, Kalamazoo, Mich. Shipper Famous Celery.**

LADIES Quickest Relief, Simms' Pennyroyal Pills. \$1. at office or by mail, failure impossible; acknowledged the best regulator ever made, the most obstinate cases readily relieved, all complaints quickly relieved. Lady Attendant, Private Office, 108 East Thirty-first street, New York.

LADIES WHO USE VENUS WASH Preserve youth and health and invigorate the system. Best protection against female disease. Safe and reliable female pills. Either one sent on receipt of \$1.00, ex. prepaid, Parisian Specialty Co., 3-2nd Ave., N. Y.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion, the result of 30 years experience treating the skin. A book on dermatology with every cake. Druggists sell it. John H. Woodbury, Dermatologist, 127 W. 42d St., N. Y. City. Send 10c. for sample and 100 page book.

PENNYROYAL PILLS! Perry's reliable star and crescent brand. Absolutely safe and certain RELIEF FOR WOMEN. Sent direct, sealed, \$1. Avoid imitations. Circulars free. **CRESCENT SPECIFIC CO.,** Boston, Mass.

DOCUTA OIL OF SANDALWOOD Capsules arrest at once Discharges from the Urinary Organs, and Cure in 7 Days Severest Cases of Gonorrhoea. All Druggists.

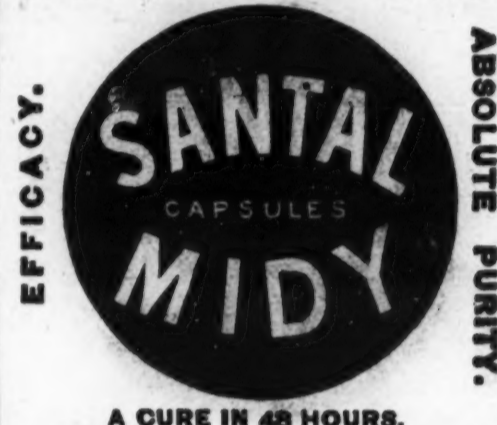
FREE! I WILL SEND (SEALED) free, a receipt that will develop Small Shrunken Parts, which cured me of Self-Abuse, Nightly Emissions, etc. Address **C. H. MULLER, Box 901, Kalamazoo, Mich.**

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by F. H. Ingle's Invaluable Ear Cures. Write for free book. Sold only by **F. H. INGLE, N. Y. Write for book of proofs FREE**

OPILCOIL NEVER FAILS. If you continue to suffer it's your own fault. We guarantee to Cure Piles, Hemorrhoids, etc. Mention this paper. **W. J. QUENECOR-CO.,** 400 West 57th St., N. Y. City.

PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

Superior to Copaliba, Cubebs & Injections.



A CURE IN 48 HOURS.

CURES QUICKER Than any other remedy. Tarrant's Extract of Cubebs and Copaliba is a safe, certain and quick cure for gonorrhoea and gleet and is an old-tried remedy for all diseases of the urinary organs. Combining in a highly concentrated form the medicinal virtues of cubebs and copaliba, its portable shape, freedom from taste and speedy action (curing in less time than any other preparation) make it the most valuable known remedy. To prevent fraud, see that every package has a red strip across the face of label, with the signature of Tarrant & Co., N. Y., upon it. Price, \$1.00. Sold by all druggists.

SELF-ABUSE AND SHRUNKEN ORGANS.

FREE PRESCRIPTION. I will gladly send to any man, the RECEIPT, with full directions sealed, FREE, which cured me of SEXUAL WEAKNESS, Nightly Losses, Nervousness, Small, Weak Parts, Self-Abuse, etc. Address **THOMAS SLATER, Box 950, Kalamazoo, Mich. Shipper Famous Celery.**

GEDNEY'S SANDAL PEARLS

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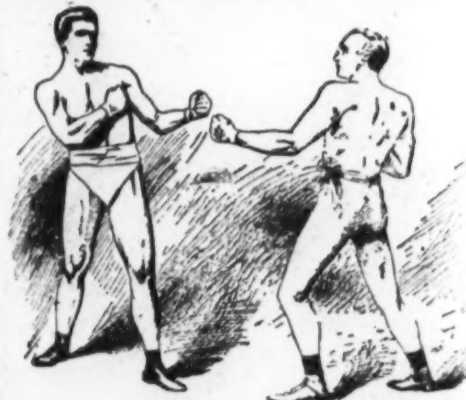
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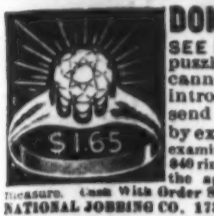
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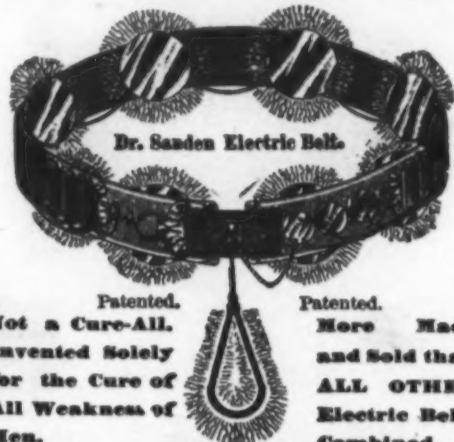
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